

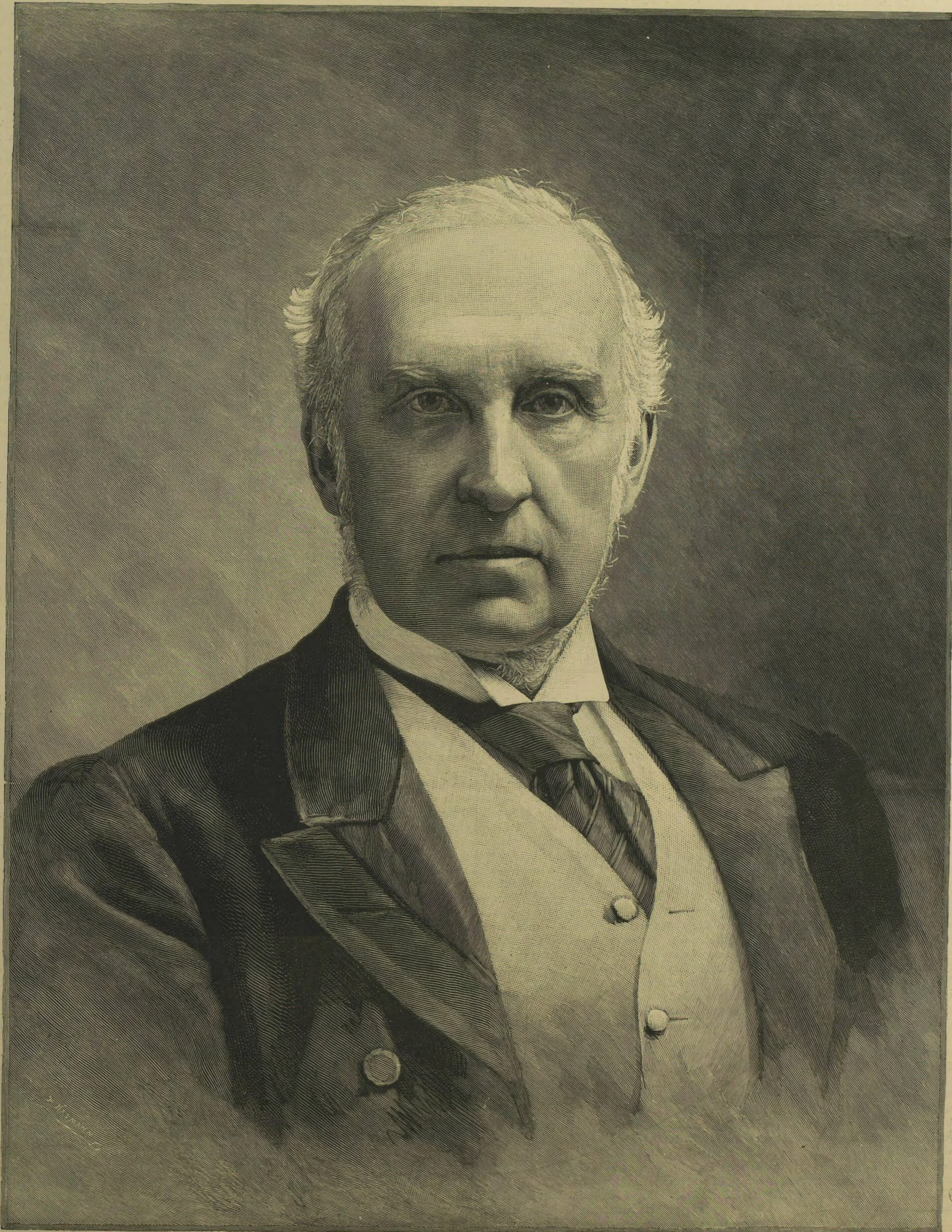
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WITH SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG By Post, 6½d.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P.

Photo by Ridsdale Cleare, Clapton Avenue.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Next in dramatic attraction to the disappearance of a man is the disappearance of his money. Indeed, when he has no money, it is of very little consequence to the public whether he disappears or not. It is his money that makes him interesting, because under certain circumstances it may become *our* money. That is what invests "buried treasure" with such transcendent interest. It is a case of "findings keepings," as the schoolboy phrase goes, and we dig with a will, compared with which honest labour is nowhere and toils after us in vain. What is the desire of our hearts with most of us is to get rich by a short cut. This is the secret of the enormous attraction of the Turf and of all other kinds of gambling. We want to get money and not to work for it: an ambition to be deprecated, of course, but not altogether unnatural. It is not only that work is distasteful, but we see so many instances where it fails in its reward. "Grant me leisure in old age" is the prayer even of the philosopher, but alas! how seldom is it granted! Instead of the resthouse there is the workhouse.

There is a fine old crusted story of three brigands, A, B, and C, who had "conveyed" treasure and buried it in a wood. They agreed to picnic there and divide it, and C was to provide the feast. As A and B took their way to the appointed place, it struck B, who had a mathematical mind, that it was better to divide by two than by three, so he stabbed A in the back. When C arrived with the basket it again struck B that even dividing by two was not so good as getting everything himself, and he accordingly stabbed C. All would have been well but for the circumstance that C also had a mathematical mind, and had poisoned the lunch of which B partook, *solus*, with appetite and misplaced triumph. For years afterwards all the other letters of the alphabet were immensely interested in finding that property, but never found it. This is the history—with some differences of detail—of almost all buried gold. The only advantage remains with the novelists who write us charming stories about it, such as "Treasure Island." I do not believe in the Burmese business turning out more prosperously than the rest. Why did that soldier who buried the royal jewels ever come home? What a much better plan it would have been to become nationalised, marry a Burmese lady, and stop in the vicinity of that little plot of ground of which he alone knew the value!

The only way to find buried treasure with any certainty is first to bury it yourself. Then, of course, there is the chance of *your* being buried before the discovery is made, which entails the necessity of trusting somebody with the secret. The philosophers tell us that no woman can keep one, but they are in error. In the Reign of Terror in Paris everyone who had portable property hid it away as well as they could, but the Commissioners of Public Safety generally found their way to it when the proprietors and their accomplices in the unpatriotic scheme were put to death. A widow lady had a servant whom she thought she could trust: with her help she packed all her jewels and securities (very much depreciated) in a portmanteau, and put it in a little garret; then they walled up the door into it and new-plastered the room adjoining; so that there seemed no connection with it. When all was finished the lady departed, and the servant was left alone. It was a great opportunity for a trustee of an enterprising spirit, for the Government, instead of ten per cent., gave halves to the informer; but the maid proved faithful. She was brought before the committee and threatened with the guillotine, but the fear of death was outweighed by love and duty. They placed a creature of their own in the house, which was the most trying part of the proceeding, since any day the discovery might have been made; but she bore the suspense as she had borne their threats; and when the troublous time was overpassed and order reigned once more, the widow came by her own again. It is one of the pleasantest, if not the most exciting, narratives of buried treasure which history records.

From a dramatic point of view, it is, however, surpassed by the case of the faithful servant who, being attacked by robbers, swallowed the diamond wherewith he was entrusted, and which (unless it has been sold) now adorns the crown of France. He is supposed to be the first example of "a perfect treasure" (though not of a buried one) in the way of a domestic servant, and was taken the greatest care of for many years; but he was never allowed to better himself by taking another situation.

The foundation of the fortunes of the house of Musgrave is said to have been laid by the recovery not of buried but of sunken treasure. As a general rule, efforts to make the sea give up its spoil have been very unsuccessful. At first William Phipps had no better luck than other adventurers. He knew where a Spanish galleon had foundered with a rich cargo, and got Charles II. to lend him a ship to search for it; but he returned as poor as he went. He, however, persuaded the Duke of Albemarle to believe in him, went out again, and fished up £200,000, for which he received a tenth part and a knighthood from James II.

It is complained of our modern writers, and especially of the poets, that they are "impatient of criticism," and, like spoiled children, cannot endure to be rebuked; and it is certainly true that they are apt to tell the reviewers (in their prefaces) what they think of them, before the reviewers have a chance of saying what they think of their poems. What makes the young poet so mad (he tells me) is the reviewers' constant allusion to posterity, which they always represent as declining to patronise his muse. "How the deuce do they know?" inquires the bard, with not unjustifiable indignation. As a matter of delicacy, such an argument should never be used: posterity is, or, at least, may be, the poet's posterity, who is thus represented in literary antagonism to his own kinsmen. How would the reviewer like it if one were to say, "Your grandfathers and grandmothers (if you ever had any) must have thought you little better than a fool"? Poets as a whole may resent criticism more vehemently than they used to do, but there were always one or two whom it was dangerous to "slate." The poet of "The Seasons" was one of them. Joseph Mitchell, to whom he had given a presentation copy of his "Winter," was weak enough to let him know his opinion of it (instead of saying, as he should have done, that he was looking forward to reading it above everything), and, as was the custom of the time, in rhyme—

Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,
Those I could read, if these were not so near.

I dare say Mr. Mitchell thought this very neat and epigrammatic, and nothing in the way of censure to be angry about. Mr. Thomson thought differently and replied—

Why not all faults, injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?

It is requisite to call to mind how often genius has been "damned with faint praise" before we can excuse language of this kind, or congratulate ourselves that, even in the days when criticism was omnipotent, there was one poet at least who had a kick in him.

It is very seldom, we must remember, that an author gets an opportunity of hitting back again. It is a mistake to suppose that all critics have failed in literature; some of them never give their victims a chance of retaliation. The Abbé d'Aubignac, indeed, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed"! To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the Abbé to write such a tragedy." "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!" is an aspiration of thrice the significance if he has previously been a critic.

Those who summon our juries appear, from the frequency with which persons who are superannuated or even dead are included in the list, to know very little about them. This is very inconvenient to the public, and at the same time seems to deprive the officials of the opportunity of doing "good business." If the jury-list were properly tabulated and arranged, a tolerably good guess could be made as to their tastes and inclinations. "If you tell me a man's age and his income," says a great social philosopher, "I will tell you what are his opinions." In this way a rough calculation could be made of how verdicts in certain cases would be likely to go. After which, little arrangements with the parties going to law could be satisfactorily entered into. For example, in a breach of promise case, how important it would be for the plaintiff, if at all good-looking, to get a susceptible jury! The official who knew his business would do his best to ensure this: photographs of these gentry would be invaluable, but in default of them he could at least exclude all old bachelors and widowers of long standing. No bribe would be given for the selection, but if all went well ten per cent. of the damages would not be too much to pay for this assistance. As for a new trial, the Master of the Rolls has told us quite recently that it is mere waste of time in such cases. "What do you hope to get by it?" he asks the counsel on the losing side: "the lady will put on a new bonnet, and get the same verdict." "We may perhaps, my Lord," urged the other, "get a less susceptible jury." "Have you got the jury-panel, because if we look at it we may be able to judge," said his Lordship. Of course he had not got it; but if I were a summoning officer, I should have it at my fingers' ends. "Let who will make the laws," should be my motto, "if only I may choose the juries." It is one of the few positions that have not yet been exploited.

In Æsop's time there was probably no such canine criminal as a sheep-killer, or we should certainly have had a fable about him. The Fox and the Hare would have been made to express a natural satisfaction when the Hound was hunted in his turn. In the south country we know but little about it, but in the north this dog-fiend is not uncommon. When a collie once acquires the habit of

slaughter, it does far more harm than any wild beast, since it adds the cunning of the trained animal to the ferocity of the savage. In Northumberland, the other day, one farmer alone estimated his loss in sheep from a creature of this sort at forty pounds, and a chase was instituted that resulted in its destruction after a run of an hour and forty minutes. This is spoken of as an unprecedented occurrence, but there have been occasions when a whole county has risen in arms against these four-footed marauders. In 1823 a dog of the most destructive nature infested the fells south of Carlisle. It had also harried Northumberland, and whole flocks of sheep had been worried and destroyed by it. Sir H. Fletcher, of Clea Hall, offered his pack of hounds, and persons with firearms were stationed at various points, so that the sports of hunting and shooting were for once combined. The animal was of the Newfoundland breed, of common size, wire-haired and extremely lean. He gave them a run of thirty miles and no less than six hours' diversion—if such a term could be applied to persons who were full of the most wrathful indignation. He frequently turned upon the dogs which were headmost, wounding several, and so obliging them to give up the pursuit. As, after a long circuit, he attempted to gain the fells again, he was shot by a farmer lying in ambush at Mossdale. The joy manifested on the occasion is described as most extraordinary, and a very large party sat down to dinner to commemorate the event.

I had a friend who once possessed a dog-fiend of this kind, one of the most graceful and beautiful of collies—to look at—that ever was seen. You would hardly have thought that butter would melt in his mouth, much less sheep and lambs. His master could not believe in his iniquities, and, indeed, as he confined his depredations to the hours of the night, it was long before anyone suspected him. But he *was* suspected, and many a pound did my friend pay for the damages laid to his charge. The first time that he saw anything strange in him was when we went to see the Rydal Falls together. Lady Fleming kept a large flock of peacocks, and no sooner did the dog espy them afar off than, with a strange cry, he went for them, and, before he could be stopped, had slaughtered half a dozen. Then he returned to us wagging his tail, and with an immense bunch of peacocks' feathers in his mouth, like a pair of mustachios. The letter of apology that had to be written in consequence was followed by his death-warrant, and I don't know which caused his master the greater distress of mind.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum; but the good things that are attributed to them should be their own. The late Lord Bowen, I see, has had given to him the *mot* of "Truth will out, even in an affidavit," which, as a correspondent of the *Globe* points out, properly belongs to Charles Reade. The judge said so many excellent things that his memory will not suffer from this slight deduction from them, and he would be the last man to wish to wear borrowed plumes; but it is quite shocking to note how the poor novelists are despoiled of their property by lawyers and politicians. They do not often prey upon one another, though Disraeli was a brilliant example to the contrary. "The best he took, the worst he left," as seemed convenient to him, and he did not even wait till the gentlemen were deceased from whom he "conveyed" his selections. Through him, for instance, poor Mortimer Collins had the opportunity of seeing how much his definition of a hansom cab as "the gondola of London" was on its second appearance appreciated in society, though on its first, with another godfather, it fell stillborn. Even the smallest of us suffer in this way. At a certain pantomime of distant date I was sitting by a friend, in my usual state of collapse at such entertainments, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Come, that's good!" The clown or somebody had just observed, "Our relations are getting strained, as the executioner remarked when he was racking his mother-in-law." I also thought it good; but when my friend went on to say that it reminded him of Sami Weller, I was obliged to say that it more reminded me of myself. I did not grudge the poor pantomime its one joke; but I thought it might have been mentioned in the bill, or somewhere, from whom it came.

On a recent Sunday morning, in Old Street, St. Luke's, three persons "might have been seen," as the novelists say, and, in fact, were seen, playing at hazard in a four-wheeled cab. It was really a remarkable position for the pursuit of this amusement, considering the time of day—four a.m.—and that the cab was actually on the rank. One wonders what the horse thought of it. The players had a candle inside the vehicle, and were much annoyed at being requested to put it out, and to terminate what they called "their friendly little game." I remember nothing like this since I played cribbage myself with a friend in a hansom cab one night, going down to Woolwich Academy. We had purchased a large wax candle—intended for ecclesiastical purposes—and were not wholly free from a sense of sacrilege in consequence. It now seems, from what has happened at St. Luke's, that we might also have been charged with "gambling in a public place"; and, indeed, a hansom seems to come much more under that category than a four-wheeler.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

At last we have the fruit of Sir William Harcourt's private musings and frequent absences from the Treasury bench. The mountain is delivered, but not of the proverbial mouse. There has been a disposition in some quarters to treat Sir William as a Chancellor of the Exchequer *pour rire*. Even during his speech there were symptoms of this levity, especially when he declared that the State had an indefeasible right to a share of all private property. Put in this form, the proposition that the State may tax property as it thinks fit excited some derision. "Do honourable members laugh," said Sir William, with his favourite air of the Superlative Usher, "when I lay down an axiom of political economy?" There was, indeed, very little cause for merriment in this oration. Nearly the whole of it was read from a gigantic pile of manuscript in a tone of funereal melancholy. Very rarely did the Chancellor permit himself the luxury of a joke. He said that the type of iron-clad changed as lightly as the fashion of a lady's bonnet, and that it was the great desire of the State to offer boons to the living property-owner and put taxes on the dead. But for the most part the jocularity took the form of argumentative irony directed at Mr. Goschen. At nearly every step of his Budget Sir William fortified himself with extracts from his predecessor.

"I am a humble disciple of the right honourable gentleman opposite," he remarked playfully; "I have sat at his feet for many years." I don't know what their private relations are, but in the House these eminent politicians lose no opportunity of girding at each other, and the mock humility with which the Chancellor offered this tribute to the sagacity of his rival did not seem to enhance Mr. Goschen's relish of political sportiveness. As for the Budget, it proved to be a formidable affair. A single estate duty is to range as high as eight per cent. on real and personal property, so that anybody who suddenly finds himself a millionaire by inheritance will have the pleasure of seeing the State pocket eighty thousand pounds. The equalisation and graduation of the death duties will bring into the Exchequer some day about four millions sterling, but that is prospective, and meanwhile Sir William Harcourt has to provide for a deficit of four millions and a half. About a moiety of this is disposed of by the ingenious

to owners of land and house property. At this point the Chancellor touched the zenith of his success. The whole House was manifestly impressed by the boldness, ingenuity, and far-reaching character of his scheme. The Ministerialists massed in solid ranks behind him looked prodigiously relieved, while the front Opposition bench was wrapt in the fitting gravity of an unwelcome surprise. But Sir William still wanted money, and he proposed to get it by taxing spirits sixpence a gallon and beer sixpence a barrel. Here a number of members rushed out of the House, not to quench an anxious thirst with the threatened liquids, but to telegraph the news to their constituents. A slight cloud came over the sun of Ministerial contentment. It was scarcely

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

THE BRIDE'S DRESSES.

Princess Victoria Melita's wedding gown was of the richest corded silk of an ivory-white tint, profusely embroidered with countless pearls in a design of orange-blossom sprays, intermixed with true lovers' knots, the low bodice having epaulettes and elbow-frills of net, also studded with pearls. On the drive to and from the chapel, a short cape of the same silk was worn, delicately embroidered with silver and softened round the neck and down the front with an edging of curled white ostrich-feather trimming.

The going-away dress was in a lovely shade of powder-blue, the skirt and bodice embroidered with tapering sprays of rosebuds and forget-me-nots in delicate tones of silk, the dainty little *pèlerine*, which was embroidered to match, having tiny shoulder-capes formed of powder-blue silk fringe.

The costume which the young bride wears on her entry into Darmstadt is of pale terra-cotta cloth, trimmed with an appliqué of black net, embroidered with silver sequins and various harmonising shades of silk, in a conventional design of butterflies, the coat and toque being trimmed to match. As for the trousseau gowns, their name is legion and their variety endless, but some idea of their beauty may be obtained from the accompanying sketches, which represent a few of the most strikingly beautiful garments both for evening and day wear.

Madame Maynier, of 9, Wigmore Street, had the honour of supplying the entire trousseau.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

By the elevation of Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., to the office of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, vacant by Lord Bowen's death, the Bar loses its most brilliant advocate and the Bench gains one of the foremost of living Irishmen. Sir Charles has never exerted a great influence in the House of Commons, where, however, he has often spoken with eloquence and effect. On political platforms throughout the country he has been simply indefatigable on behalf of the Liberal party, and well deserved the high compliment paid him by the Prime Minister not long ago as the very antithesis of "the arm-chair and dressing-gown politician." The climax of his rhetoric was reached in the splendid address Sir Charles delivered before the Parnell Commission, which thoroughly deserved the brief tribute from the President, who wrote on a slip of paper, "A great speech, worthy of a great occasion." As the most masterly cross-examiner of our time, Sir Charles will long be remembered. He is sixty-one years old, and a native of Belfast. After a journalistic career, he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and took silk in 1872. He represented Dundalk from 1880 to 1885, and has since sat

for South Hackney. He was Attorney-General in Mr. Gladstone's Administration in 1886, receiving the honour of knighthood, and was re-appointed in 1892. After his efforts in the Behring Sea Arbitration, Sir Charles was created K.C.M.G., and his speech on the Bill by which this international controversy was ended was, with artistic appropriateness, his last as a member of the House of Commons.

GRANTHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.

The substantial character of the chief market-towns in the Eastern and East Midland counties of England, which in the good old times of agricultural opulence could thrive by corn and malt, or by cattle and sheep, while they might receive coal, stone, or lime by barges on the river or canal, without awaiting the railway era, is well seen in the aspect of Grantham. But this town has fully shared in the prosperity that followed the construction of the Great Northern Railway. It still remains, however, distinctly provincial, gravely quiet, staid, and orderly, with its old Gothic church and its old Grammar School, endowed by Bishop Fox, of Merton College, Oxford, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Among the pupils of this school was Sir Isaac Newton, who was born at Woolsthorpe, seven or eight miles distant from Grantham.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE BRIDE'S WEDDING DRESS.

dissipated by Sir William's assurance that extra taxation would not increase the cost of a glass of beer or whisky, though it would make a difference of three-halfpence on a nine-gallon cask of the one and a penny on a bottle of the other. The financial homily of two hours and three-quarters ended in a weighty assurance that the distributor of pecuniary rewards and punishments had endeavoured to apportion fairly the national liability for the strengthening of the Navy. The last page of the manuscript volume was turned, and Sir William sat down, no doubt with the pleasant conviction that his reputation as a financier was made.

But the block in the Government business is becoming serious. The Budget will be debated at great length; so will the Registration Bill, especially the provisions for the practical abolition of plural voting and the holding of elections on one day. The Evicted Tenants Bill and Welsh Disestablishment are still in the offing, and more time has been consumed by the debate on the proposed Scotch Grand Committee. The Government have an interesting recruit in the person of Mr. Thomas Shaw, the new Scotch Solicitor-General, who succeeded in giving a humorous turn to the discussion by picturing the emotions of an English Episcopalian on finding when he crossed the Tweed that in Scotland he was a Dissenter.

arrangement of a sinking fund, which seemed to amuse Mr. Chamberlain very much. The Superlative Usher had announced that he would never, never borrow to pay off debt, but to meet one portion of it he did not hesitate to juggle virtuously with a sinking fund. However, there remained two millions or more to be reckoned with, and so he fell back on the long-suffering income-tax payer. The imposition of another penny was promptly mitigated by the ingenious provision for relieving small incomes by an increased abatement between £160 a year and £400, and by a new abatement of £100 between £400 and £500. Here the Radicals, who had been jubilant over the death duties, were again delighted. They looked a little pensive when the Chancellor explained that the enormous difficulties of assessment made the graduation of the income tax inexpedient above £500, but they were radiant at the skilful move by which a concession under Schedule A is granted



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE BRIDAL TROUSSEAU.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Is it solemnly and seriously insisted on by the school of sheer perverseness and contradiction that the world has been made worse, has been positively and materially injured and vulgarised by the production on the lyric stage of the operatic version of the old Faust legend, or by the arrangement for the pictorial stage of still another version written by Mr. W. G. Wills at the suggestion and direction of Henry Irving? I go to the opera, and find the people enchanted alike with the shreds of the old story and with Gounod's enchanting music. They sit and enjoy the immortal legend of love wedded to exquisite melody—perhaps the sweetest love-music ever written. But this is not nearly all. They are fascinated with the dramatic power of a Patti, a Nilsson, an Albani, a Faure, a De Reszke, and who shall say how many more artists of the first class? They go home with the strains of Gounod's music in their ears, and their taste becomes edified and

before the Virgin's shrine; distracted and despairing, she goes into the church to pray—only to hear the voice of the demon reminding her of her dead child. And then the awful end, the madness, the last meeting with her lover, the hope of heaven, and the doubtful wrangle for Faust's soul between heaven and hell.

These briefly are the headings of the Faust legend that we do get at the Lyceum. The people are charmed and interested. The mocking Mephisto touches their sense of humour, the dying Margaret awakens their keenest sympathies. To them Mr. Henry Irving appears a great actor; to them Margaret is an enchanting creation. And when they go home what do they do? Why, they buy a copy of Marlowe's "Faust," and they secure a translation of Goethe's "Faust"; and if they are wise they beg, buy, or borrow a copy of the "Life of Goethe," by George Henry Lewes, one of the most delightful of books, and they know more of the Faust legend than ever they would have done had not it been for the magnificent

instead of filling it, and they would not have induced publishers to flood the market with translations of Goethe's "Faust." What Mr. Irving has done has been to make a good acting play out of a priceless legend, and to induce people who go to the theatre to think a bit. He has provided a feast for the eye, but also a banquet for the mind; and though many of us might have been able to suggest a slight improvement here and there, still the play is a beautiful one, and it is a move in the right direction.

Those who have a half-hour to spare any evening cannot do better than step into the Tivoli in the Strand, where they will find the clever little French actress Jane May in an enchanting entertainment. It is called a "Monomime," and the actress acts a dramatic dialogue by pantomime and all by herself. She appears as two distinct persons—a boy Pierrot and an enchanted girl, and she proves that the frequenters of the despised music-hall like good art when they can get it. Afterwards she sings Judic's tickling song, "Ne me chatouillez pas," and imitates



THE REVIVAL OF "FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: IN MARTHA'S GARDEN AT NUREMBERG.

refined. They buy more music and better music. They turn away from the catchpenny ballad and take to a higher class of work. Having enjoyed the opera with its dramatic germ of the Faust legend, I go to the theatre, where I find far more of the legend than I did at the opera. Henry Irving has got nearer to the German acting version than any other English manager in our time. There was no Brocken scene in Charles Kean's Princess's version, there was no mystery or incantation in Bayle Bernard's play at Drury Lane. At the Lyceum I behold an enthralled and delighted audience. They sit as under a spell during the prologue, and enjoy the student scene amazingly. The picture of Nuremberg Cathedral, with Margaret's first entrance, starts the love-story with the old charm. The double love-scene in the garden is far better done than at the opera, and the climax touches every heart. And then begins the pulse and passion of the drama. Away we are hurried to the top of the Brocken mountain to mix with demons and hobgoblins, and to hear the mocking voice of Mephisto louder than the very elements. The drama increases in interest at every scene. Nothing is omitted or forgotten. Valentine returns, and is killed by Margaret's lover. The chattering girls mock at the ruined girl as they fill their pitchers at the well. Margaret pours out her soul

Lyceum production. It is a well-known fact that a successful Shaksperian production causes a run on Shakspeare, and it has been proved that the sale of Goethe's "Faust" was materially increased by Mr. Henry Irving's devotion to the subject.

But when, after hearing all this applause and being an eye-witness of the pleasure afforded by the Lyceum "Faust," I take up my evening paper, I am told that it is all wrong, that Mr. Irving had no right to put his name or his influence to any such revival, and that it would have been far better for everybody if the thing had been left alone. What kind of a "Faust" these objectors would have placed on the Lyceum stage I am at a loss to conjecture. Would they have produced it exactly as Marlowe or Goethe wrote it? Would they have suggested Calderon's version of the same legend? Would they have given us the whole of the prologue in heaven and placed on the stage the First Person of the Trinity? Would they have hoped for success with a literal translation of the scene of the Witches' Kitchen and the Walpurgis Night? Would they have left unedited and unsuppressed all the passages of pure philosophy and argument? I very much fear that had they done one or all of these things they would have emptied the Lyceum

Sarah Bernhardt wonderfully well. All this goes to prove that the public knows a good thing whenever it is presented to them. Problems and theories are all very well. But the public plumps for human nature.

An Anarchist dynamite outrage was perpetrated on April 9 at the residence of the Municipal Secretary of Manacor, in the island of Majorca. The staircase was blown to pieces, and the family were obliged to make their escape by means of a rope ladder. Several arrests have been made.

It will be good news for the many admirers of the late Captain Hawley Smart to hear that his widow has prepared for publication the story on which the famous novelist was engaged when his sudden death cut short his career. Mrs. Smart, who during their short married life assisted her husband in his work, is now engaged in preparing a new edition of his popular novels. Judging by the success which has attended the reprint of other works of fiction, this edition should have a large circulation among those who admire the late Captain Hawley Smart's breezy "open-air" style.

PERSONAL.

To Londoners whose memory of what London was in their time extends back forty or fifty years, the work jointly accomplished by the late Colonel William Haywood and Sir Joseph Bazalgette, chief engineers respectively of the City Commission of Sewers and the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, must still appear one of the greatest and most useful achievements of the age.



Photo by Bassano.
THE LATE COLONEL WILLIAM HAYWOOD.

The younger inhabitants of this huge aggregate of town dwellings on earth, which has since had its Metropolitan Board of Works and has now its London County Council, may not be able to imagine its uncomfortable and unhealthy condition when those earlier special authorities began the task of improving our streets, our river-banks, and the underground channels for the removal of perilous refuse. But many can yet remember how the atmosphere of a summer evening in the houses between the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, or Cannon Street and the Thames was often horribly offensive, fraught with disease and death, so that there was danger in opening a window. It was Mr. William Haywood, with Mr. Frank Forster, and soon afterwards with Mr. Joseph Bazalgette, who devised the scheme of main drainage, from 1851 to 1854, which, being out of sight when it was actually realised, has subsequently been much out of mind in our public discussions. Other grand works have been accomplished, such as the Victoria Thames Embankment and the Albert Embankment at Lambeth, completing so far the rectification and purification of the river, except on the Surrey side from Waterloo Bridge to below Southwark; while the City has erected its Holborn Viaduct, opened its Queen Victoria Street, widened Ludgate Hill, and is now about to open the new bridge at the Tower. The latter works, those of the City, were either designed and executed, or were, as in the case of the Tower Bridge, suggested by Colonel Haywood and entrusted to other engineers. The City Corporation, with superior financial powers and privileges, and with a limited area and comparatively small resident population to manage, has been enabled to render its own territory about the most convenient, orderly, and salubrious portion of town occupied for business purposes. One detail of its former state may not be forgotten—the noisy jolting of vehicles over the old pavement of round stones; it was Colonel Haywood who first laid down the asphalt, and that alone is a benefit deserving our thanks. Mr. Haywood became Lieutenant-Colonel of the London Rifle Brigade in 1876, but retired from military duty after five years.

It is expected that the withdrawal of Sir Charles Russell from the Treasury bench will lead to the appointment of Sir John Rigby as Attorney-General and Mr. Robert Reid as Solicitor-General. Mr. Reid is a very able Parliamentarian, and among other things a strong anti-vivisectionist. He is extremely fond of animals, especially dogs, but carries his dislike of the hunter's instinct so far that he has been known to refuse a puppy to a sporting friend on the ground that he could not allow any dog of his to be devoted to the pursuit of game.

There is little doubt that Sir Charles Russell will be Lord Bowen's successor. This is a surprise to many who know how great an income the Attorney-General makes in his profession, and that the salary of a Lord of Appeal is only six thousand a year. But it is forgotten that Sir Charles Russell is now sixty-one, that he has led a most laborious life, and that in the chances and changes of politics he might be a very old man before he had another opportunity of receiving a judicial post from his party. By the disabilities of his religion he is debarred from becoming Lord Chancellor, and there is no prospect of an early vacancy in the Lord Chief Justiceship or in the Mastership of the Rolls. As a Lord of Appeal Sir Charles will know for the first time in his life what it is to enjoy learned leisure. The duties of the post are not heavy, and the judge may take his time in preparing his judgments.

Mr. Irving has made no announcement as to his plans for the future, but there can be no question that "Faust" will run to the end of the season. In the autumn the Lyceum company will make a tour in the provinces, and about Christmas Mr. Irving will probably produce Mr. Comyns Carr's drama, "King Arthur," for which Sir Edward Burne-Jones has already painted the scenery. Mr. Irving will play Arthur, and Miss Ellen Terry Guinevere. Mr. Terriss will be Modred, and no actor in London is so admirably suited in every respect for the part of Lancelot as Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The scene at the Lyceum on the reappearance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry was one of extraordinary enthusiasm, and never has the popularity of these distinguished artists stood higher.

How many millionaires can be gathered at a London dinner-table? It is said that Baron Hirsch on one occasion entertained as many as sixty, who feasted regardless of their coming down in the shape of the eight per cent. estate duty on a million and upwards. But most people are sceptical about the existence of millionaires, in this country at all events. They are plentiful in America; but here they are likely to disappoint the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has devised an ingenious plan for snatching eighty thousand pounds out of every million that

figures in a last will and testament. It is suggested that this percentage will make the very opulent careful to dispose of their money in their lifetime, to cheat the State of its due.

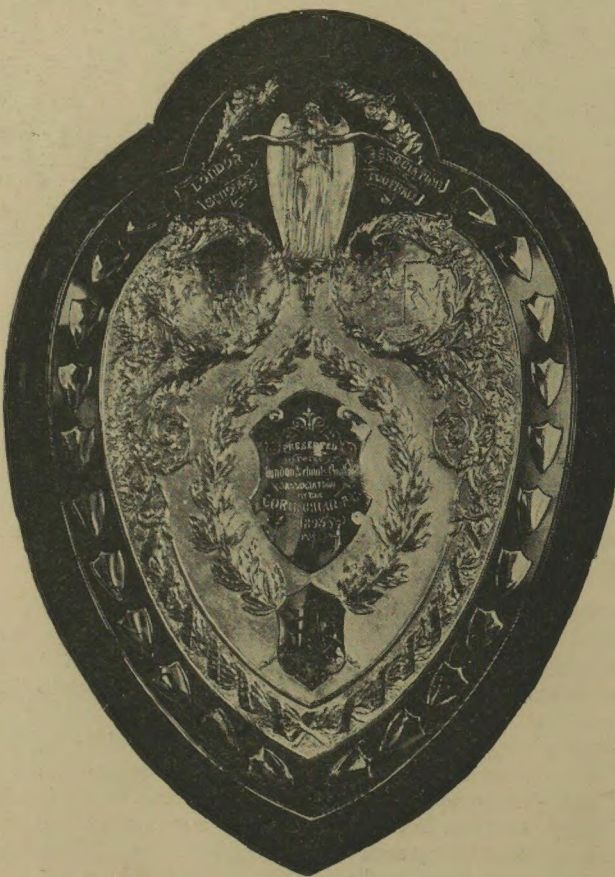
Ghosts are becoming material. They are acquiring a market value. At all events, there is a commercial dispute about one of them in the law courts. This is a very famous ghost, no less than Amy Robsart, and for whose sake an enterprising speculator bought Cumnor Place, thinking he was going to get the society of the ill-fated Amy in a haunted chamber. On the merits of the case it is impossible to pronounce any definite opinion; but a curious diversion was made by the statement that the ghost, according to local tradition, inhabited a pond. What were ponds to Amy Robsart or she to them? The further assertion that the pond never freezes in winter seems like a slur on the lady's character.

From Lincolnshire comes a weird story of agricultural depression. A lady who has a large property in that county offered her tenants a reduction of rent. One of them was discontented, and said he should have to leave his holding. He was begged to stay at a still lower rental. Even this did not satisfy him, and then the owner wrote to say that sooner than let the land go out of cultivation she would let him have it for nothing. To this came the rather staggering reply that no rent at all was simply ruinous to him, and that he required to be paid for staying in the farm. When landlords have to pay their tenants the principle of private property in land becomes a rather grim satire.

It is disagreeable to learn that the bomb which was found on the person of an Italian named Polti by the London police is of English manufacture. Polti explained that he was going to send the bomb to his brother in the north of Italy "as a present." This may be true. When the Anarchist is moved to a display of family affection it may take the shape of a gift that represents the ruling passion. But this will scarcely reconcile the community to the manufacture in this country of these little pledges of brotherly love. Amongst the papers found at Polti's lodging was what he called a recipe for "making polenta." Polenta is an Italian dainty which is not usually made from sulphuric acid. It may be that Polti, who seems to be very young, is an affectionate enthusiast with a taste for cookery, but his ideas of kitchen utensils and ingredients are likely to be discouraged.

The historic house of Brinsmead has just renewed its youth by entering splendid new premises in Wigmore Street, erected on the site familiar to so many musicians. Four storeys built in the style of the sixteenth century as to architecture, and furnished in the manner of the nineteenth century as to trade requirements, will now be capable of displaying twenty grand pianofortes and one hundred upright instruments. The various rooms are so arranged that sound but slightly penetrates, and therefore the connoisseur may test "to his own sweet will" the qualities of Messrs. Brinsmead's pianos undisturbed by other sounds. At the inaugurating soirée, held on April 14, there were many visitors to enjoy a varied programme of music, which served to display the admirable acoustic properties of the pretty music-room.

Among the important works sent for exhibition at the Royal Academy, Corfe Castle and the country round Poole Harbour have given Mr. David Murray the theme for his large and important picture called "Long After," while a



LONDON SCHOOLS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE SHIELD.

second canvas entitled "Peace at Eve" portrays the outline of the same ruin viewed from a different standpoint and in the peach-coloured glow of sunset. Mr. MacWhirter will be chiefly represented by a landscape named "Flowers of the Alps"; Mr. Macbeth by a stirring canvas of the Fen country, called "The Coming Storm"; and Mr. Peter Graham by a characteristic work entitled "The Head of the Lock." Mr. Arthur Hacker has sought inspiration in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" for his subject picture, and traces "The Temptation of Sir Percival" in the enchanted forest; while in the portrait of a brother artist, Mr. Onslow Ford, he has found an equally congenial theme. The sculptor, in return, sends a bust of Mr. Hacker to Burlington House, as well as one of the critic Mr. Walter Armstrong, and a beautiful "study" of the

head of a young girl, treated in the manner of the Florentine school of the Renaissance. Another sculptor of note, Mr. Frampton, sends a large plaster panel in relief, which, symbolising creative art, is happily called "My Thoughts are my Children"; while Mr. Gilbert exhibits a small replica of the tomb of the Duke of Clarence, on which he is at present engaged.

The bust of the late Lord Tennyson, of which we gave a photograph in our last issue, is not (as was stated) to be placed in Westminster Abbey, but is already in the Guildhall. The sculptor, Mr. F. J. Williamson, has executed a replica of the bust for her Majesty the Queen.

MUSIC.

Just ten years will have elapsed in October next since Dr. A. C. Mackenzie brought out his "Rose of Sharon" at the Norwich Festival, and therewith assumed a place in the leading rank of English oratorio-writers. That initial triumph still stands on record as his greatest achievement. He afterwards produced two choral works of notable beauty and excellence—to wit, "The Story of Sayid," which in London at least has met with undeserved neglect, and "The Dream of Jubal," which, on account both of its novelty of form and its intrinsic merit, has attained an extensive degree of popularity. But neither could, as a whole, be placed on a level with "The Rose of Sharon" for originality of inspiration, lofty musical feeling, and absolute charm, though here and there they approached it very nearly indeed. Further still from reaching the same high plane is Dr. Mackenzie's latest choral composition, "Bethlehem," performed for the first time by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on Thursday, April 12. Much had been expected of "Bethlehem." It was a long while "on the stocks," and a great deal was written about it last year in anticipation of its production—never to be accomplished—during the World's Fair at Chicago. In the end, we fear it has proved a disappointing work. Its reception at the Albert Hall was decidedly lukewarm, compared with some of the displays of enthusiasm we have witnessed in that huge building, even at the extremely advanced hour of eleven p.m. The only redeeming feature in connection with this glaring fact is that "Bethlehem" is divided into two parts (each complete in itself, and adapted for separate performance), and that at the end of the first part an ovation was bestowed upon the composer.

"Bethlehem" is described as a "mystery"; and it is so in more senses than one. Its resemblance in form to the mediæval miracle play is rather difficult to discover, consisting as it does of a succession of tableaux rather than a series of scenes connected by a more or less dramatic plot. Now, a "mystery" needs a plot just as much as an oratorio, and there is very little to be evoked from the simple narrative of the Saviour's birth. Mr. Joseph Bennett, having to make bricks without straw, has been compelled to create the missing material out of his own imagination. His first "act," as he calls it, is built around the vision that appears to the shepherds in the fields at Bethlehem, and so cleverly drawn out are the events associated therewith that the end of the "act" arrives before we have been really introduced to the scene of the Nativity. There is no dramatic interest of any sort—mere word-pictures illustrative of the descent and ascent of angels, of shepherds overwhelmed with terror and talking together of the wondrous sight, and of the shepherds and the people joining together in a carol.

This poverty of incident, for which Dr. Mackenzie occasionally atones by some very fine music, becomes even more conspicuous in the second "act." Here Mr. Bennett, after supplying the new-born King with a guard in the shape of a heavenly legion headed by the Archangel Gabriel, at last takes us to the interior of the stable at Bethlehem, where the blessed Mother sings to her Babe a tender and (as treated by the composer) exceedingly beautiful lullaby. It is at this point that the Eastern kings, with their quaint Indian march, should be brought in to join with the people in adoration of the Babe, the whole winding up with a jubilant song of praise. Instead of which, whether for the sake of "padding" or purely in order to carry out the notion of rendering the two acts separable, the librettist repeats in an abbreviated form the entire story of what happened in the first part of the work. The result, of course, is a wearisome recapitulation of material previously used, both textual and musical, and the further result at the Albert Hall was to send the majority of the audience away long before the final number had been reached.

The choruses throughout are marked by Dr. Mackenzie's customary skilful musicianship, while the orchestration glows with picturesque colour and teems with ingenious device. Thanks to careful rehearsal, for which Sir Joseph Barnby was not less responsible than the composer, these admirable features received adequate justice at the hands of the Royal Choral Society, the performance being, indeed, vastly creditable to all concerned. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was to have created the tenor rôle, was prevented by a cold from fulfilling his engagement, but, although much missed, he had an able substitute in Mr. Barton McGuckin. Miss Ella Russell delivered the soprano solos with unwonted refinement and purity of style. Her rendering of the lullaby, already mentioned, was particularly expressive, and she certainly gave full effect to this charming piece of music, which ought somehow to be embodied in the first act, whenever the latter is given separately. Mr. David Bispham and Mr. Arthur Barlow respectively undertook the baritone and bass solos, and Dr. Mackenzie conducted.

LONDON SCHOOLS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE SHIELD. In the present football season various school associations in different parts of the metropolis have been united in "The London Schools Football Association," while retaining their separate existence as local clubs, and each choosing an eleven to compete for the perpetual challenge shield, which is presented by the Corinthian Football Club for the Schools Championship of London. The final match between the South London schools and the Woolwich schools takes place on April 21, and we give an illustration of the Challenge Shield. It was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, April 16, at noon, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Florence for Coburg, where she arrived on Tuesday afternoon, to be present at the marriage, on Thursday, April 19, of the Grand Duke of Hesse, her Majesty's grandson, to Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of the Queen's second son, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

At half-past four o'clock a salute of guns from the fortress which dominates the town of Coburg announced the approach of the royal train. The Queen, who was seen seated at a window of the royal saloon, bowed and smiled graciously in response to the salutations of her relatives, who stood on the platform. The Duke and Duchess of Coburg, with their son and daughters, entered the saloon, and several minutes were passed in the exchange of affectionate greetings. The Queen was looking extremely well, and was apparently not in the least fatigued by her long journey.

A carriage procession was formed, which halted at a triumphal arch opposite the station; there waited the Oberbürgermeister and all the members of the Municipality, in evening dress and wearing decorations. They delivered an address of welcome to the Queen. On the arrival of the royal party at the Schloss Platz, which was surrounded by dense crowds of people, the terraces above the guard-house being also occupied by masses of spectators, the Queen was saluted by the troops of the Thuringian Regiment.

The apartments prepared for the reception of the Queen consist of a suite of rooms on the second floor of the eastern wing of the palace. Every room contains most interesting memorials of the royal family of Great Britain, chiefly in the form of pictures and of busts of members of the Queen's family. In the drawing-room are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and the late Duke of Albany, as well as vases adorned with fine medallion portraits of the German Emperor and Empress. In the Throne Room adjoining are marble busts of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, and a full length portrait of the late Duke in cuirassier uniform, standing beside his favourite horse, with his right arm round its neck. In the Audience Room, which is adorned with splendid specimens of Gobelin's tapestry, are marble busts of the Queen and the late Prince Consort. The most noteworthy picture, however, in view of the present festivities, is, perhaps, a life-size family group over the mantelpiece in the Queen's bed-room. It represents her Majesty, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, when the latter were boys of eight and six years of age respectively. The Prince is standing on the left of the Queen, while the Duke is kneeling at her Majesty's right, his arms in his mother's lap and his hand holding a butterfly, the Queen's arm being round his neck. The arrangements in her Majesty's living-rooms are remarkable for their extreme simplicity.

At three o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived, and the Prince of Wales came at half-past eight in the evening. The Queen gave a family dinner-party in her apartments at the palace.

The town of Coburg has presented a wedding gift to Princess Victoria Melita. It is a silver goblet about two feet high, with a statuette on the top bearing a laurel wreath in the right hand, the left resting on the arms of the city. The front of the cup is decorated with the united arms of Saxony and Hesse, both surmounted by a crown, and the back with the two arms of the city. The Château of Rosenau and the Fort of Coburg are engraved under the arms, and a dedication to the Princess on the base.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday morning, April 16, left London to be present at the royal wedding on Thursday at Coburg. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had arrived there, next day, a few hours before him.

The Budget which was laid before the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, on Monday, April 16, is a matter of social importance which claims notice here without any reference to party politics. It appears that the revenue for the past financial year has been £91,133,000, while the expenditure has been £91,303,000, leaving a deficit of only £170,000. For the ensuing year, the total estimated expenditure is larger by nearly four millions, amounting to £95,458,000, which is due to the demand of £3,126,000 for the Admiralty in

excess of last year, and to an addition of £568,000 to the cost of the Civil Services, with some increase also of the cost of postal service and of public works. The estimated revenue for the ensuing year is £90,956,000, leaving a deficit of £4,502,000 to be supplied. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declines to borrow money, or to interfere with the permanent fund applicable to the liquidation of the old debt; but as the charges for the loans raised under the Imperial Defence and Naval Defence Acts will this year be reduced, by the process of liquidation already in force, liberating a portion of revenue mortgaged for them, the actual deficit will be £2,379,000. He proposes to deal with this, first, by a complete reconstruction of the system of duties levied on real and personal property when it passes, either by bequest or by settlement or by inheritance, on the death of the owner, to any other persons. Instead of the existing probate, account, estate, and supplemental duties, there will be a single estate duty for all property, real or personal, to be charged on a graduated scale—one per cent. for estates not exceeding £500, two per cent. for those from £500 to £1000, three per cent. up to £10,000, four per cent. up to £25,000, thence rising by one-half per cent. up to estates of one million sterling, which will pay a duty of eight per cent. The present legacy and succession duties will be retained, but will be made equal for realty and personalty, and will not be charged on property under £1000. It is calculated that the new estate duty will produce a net gain to the Exchequer of one million sterling in the current year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer further proposes to raise the income tax from sevenpence to eightpence in the pound, but to grant larger abatements on incomes under £400 a year, to extend the abatement to those between £400 and £500, and to lessen the property income tax on land and houses. The revenue product of the income tax with the additional

The Ultramontane Roman Catholic party in the German Reichstag at Berlin, on April 16, carried by 168 votes against 145 the third reading of a Bill to repeal the laws against the Jesuits passed in 1872; but it is scarcely doubtful that this Bill will be rejected by the Federal Council under the influence of the Chancellor, Count von Caprivi.

The German Emperor William II., on his return from Venice, arrived on April 13 at Vienna, on a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and has since gone to Coburg, to be present at the wedding of his cousins, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. His mother, the Empress Frederick, will also be present there. The Russian Czarévitch, with the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir, the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge, and the Grand Duke Paul, arrived at Coburg on April 16.

The Hungarian Ministry of Dr. Wekerle has obtained a great Parliamentary victory in the Reichstag by the Civil Marriage Bill passing its second reading, on April 12, with a majority of 281 votes against 106. The Bill has gone through Committee, and now comes before the Chamber of Magnates.

There is a change of Ministry in Egypt, Riaz Pasha having resigned on April 14, and Nubar Pasha, who is considered more friendly to English interests, having been appointed by the Khedive to be Prime Minister, with Mustapha Fehmy Pasha at the War Office, Fakhry Pasha as Minister of Public Works, Mazloun Pasha as Finance Minister, and Ibrahim Fuad Pasha as Minister of Justice.

The quarrel of parties in the Newfoundland Legislature has come to an acute crisis. The late Ministry had prepared a dissolution, which the Opposition party resisted,

declaring that it was designed to prevent an inquiry with regard to corrupt Ministerial elections. On Saturday, April 14, when the Governor, Sir Terence O'Brien, summoned the members of the House of Assembly to attend him at the prorogation, by the advice of the new Minister, Mr. Goodridge, the partisans of Sir William Whiteway, the late Minister, refused to attend, and barred the doors against the Governor's officials. They defy the penalties threatened for such an outrage on Constitutional law.

The best solution of these petty disputes would be to provide a new Constitution for the island, and to join Newfoundland, as a federated province, with the Dominion of Canada, at the same time negotiating with France to get rid of the French treaty claims on the western coast fisheries, paying any reasonable amount of pecuniary compensation, and

perhaps ceding to France, in exchange, the Gambia or other territories on the African coast. If Lord Rosebery could manage this diplomatic transaction it would do more good to the British Colonial Empire than any stroke of policy for many years past; and Newfoundland, the oldest and the nearest of all our North American colonies, would become a most desirable field of settlement for Irish and other agricultural emigrants, having a soil and climate quite as inviting as those of Ireland, with noble harbours, great mineral resources and fisheries, and being more than equal to Ireland in territorial extent. It is but five days' voyage distant, yet the population remains under two hundred thousand, and no part of the British dominions is more foolishly neglected.

Mr. W. J. Cunningham, Deputy Secretary in the Foreign Department of the Indian Secretariat, has been appointed Foreign Secretary to the Government of India in succession to Sir Mortimer Durand, who was lately appointed British Minister at Teheran.

South African intelligence states that the Swaziland question is assuming a critical form; that an early settlement of it is imperative; and that the general opinion throughout South Africa is in favour of the annexation of the country to the Transvaal Republic.

Umhlangaso, the Kaffir chief who was fighting with Sigcau, has been removed from Pondoland by the Colonial Government and placed in charge of the magistrate at Mount Ayliff, in the East Griqualand division of Cape Colony. The last hindrance to the settlement of the newly annexed territory is thus removed, and no further troubles are expected.

In a speech on April 13 the Hon. R. J. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, said that the surplus for the financial year amounted to £200,000. He added that a telegram from England stated that the credit of New Zealand had never stood higher, the Three-and-a-half per Cent. debentures having reached par for the first time in the history of the colony.

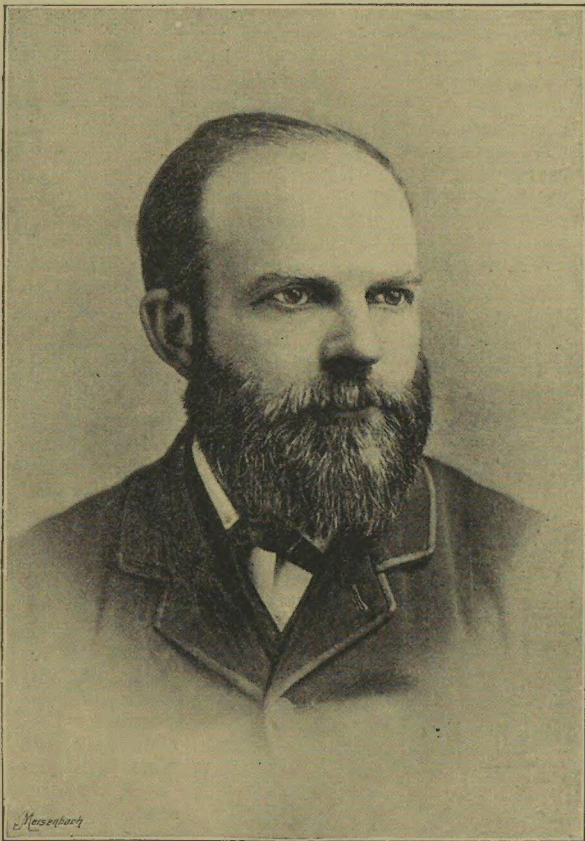


Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

MR. JOHN KIRK,
SECRETARY OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION JUBILEE.

See next page.

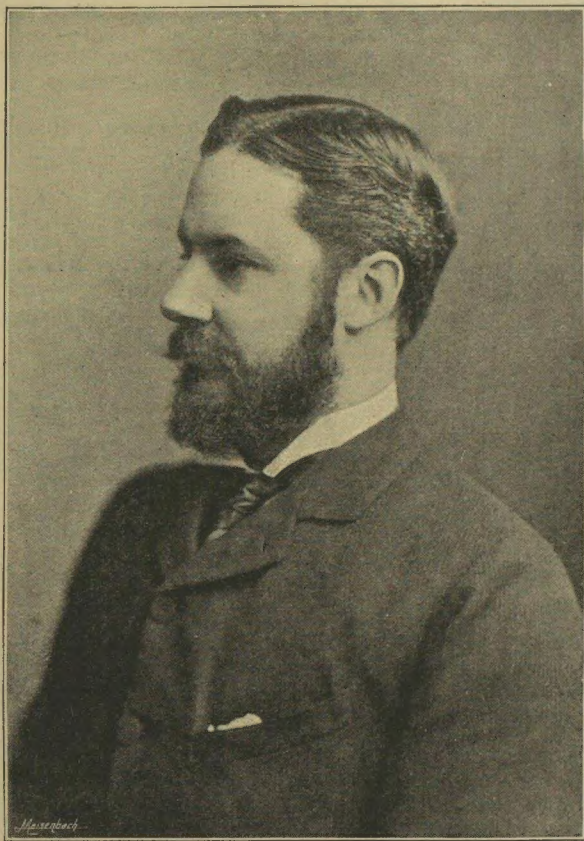


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

EARL COMPTON,
PRESIDENT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

penny will, therefore, be not more than £330,000. The remaining deficit is to be made up by an additional Customs and Excise duty of sixpence a gallon on British and imported spirits, and sixpence a barrel on beer, which are to yield, respectively, £760,000 and £580,000; so that, altogether, the sum of £2,670,000 will be raised by new taxation, and there will be a final surplus of £291,000 at the end of the financial year.

The arrest in London, on Saturday evening, April 14, of an Italian Anarchist named Francesco Polti, with a bomb wrapped in brown paper, which he was carrying from the Borough over Blackfriars Bridge to Clerkenwell, has excited fresh uneasiness with regard to such atrocious plots. The bomb, an iron cylinder, 5 in. broad and 7 in. long, manufactured to his order, was not charged with any explosive substance; but in his lodgings were found some powders and bottles of chemical liquids, and papers which prove him to have been engaged in the Anarchist conspiracy. It is said that he was an associate of Bourdin, who was killed in Greenwich Park.

The Finance Minister of the French Republic has also issued his Budget, showing a deficit of seventy-one millions of francs, about £2,840,000, to meet which deficit it is proposed to levy a house tax, a tax on domestic servants, a tax on monastic property, increased spirit duties, and an additional duty on superior tobacco; to gain something by the coinage of silver money; and to make certain economies, especially in the charges of guaranteed interest on railways.

The German Empire, likewise, is in a financial position that does not seem very encouraging, with an expected deficit of contributions from the federated German States to the amount of thirty and a half millions of marks, over £1,500,000, while the expenditure will probably be increased by thirteen millions of marks. There are new taxes on Stock Exchange transactions, and higher duties on tobacco are proposed by the Imperial Government, which will also raise a loan of one hundred and sixty millions of marks.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION JUBILEE.

The Illustrated London News is just two years older than the Ragged School Union, so that the volumes of our paper are practically a history of the half-century during which the teachers have been at work. The Union, which has this week been celebrating its jubilee, has every reason to be satisfied with its record. In the course of fifty years the town has been transformed in a manner which could never have entered into the day-dreams of the early pioneers.

The most alarming symptom of the times was the increase of crime, especially among juveniles; and the striking improvement in the general outlook in the present day is, no doubt, mainly owing to such efforts as have been stimulated by the Ragged School Union.

Those who worked together in earnestness and harmony to establish the Union have left honoured names; but we have to admit that Lord Shaftesbury

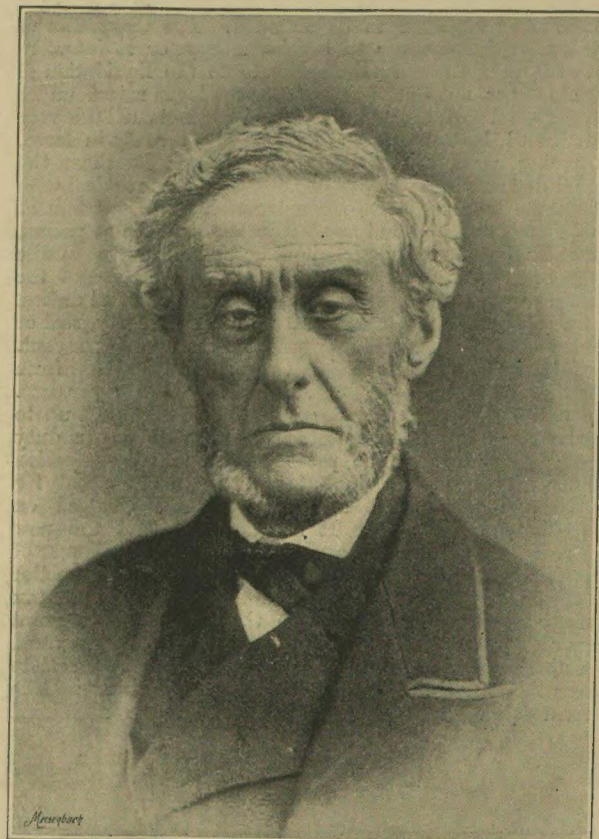


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

Payne, who were continually attending meetings on behalf of the cause. "As he and I were constantly on the platform, we had a mutual understanding," once remarked the Earl in reference to his colleague: "I was to accept the reiteration of his stories; he the reiteration of my speeches." The romance of real life was such, however, that there was plenty of material to ensure freshness in the addresses,

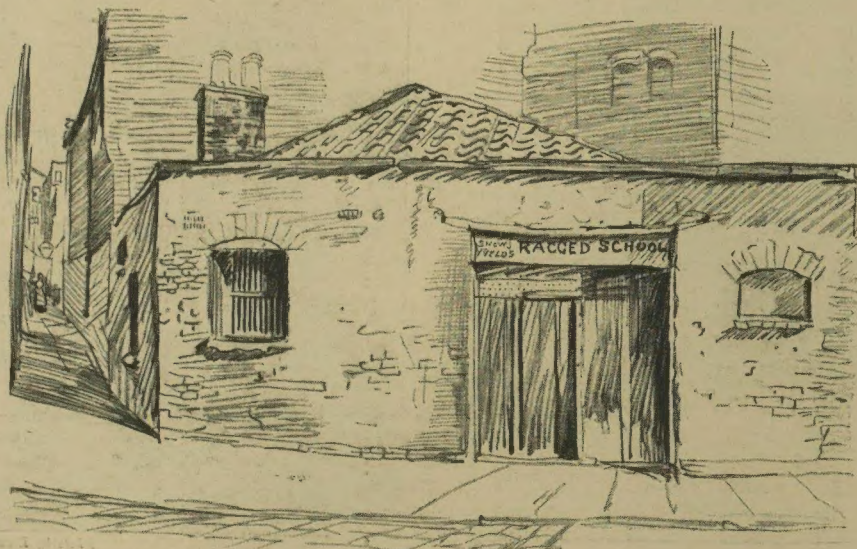
No body of earnest pioneer reformers ever more practically exemplified the virtue of self-help. When, with the exception of one inadequate grant, Government refused its aid, and others in high places looked upon the work with no very special favour, the enterprise still grew like a healthy tree, which from time to time put forth new branches. The Shoeblack Brigade, originated by Mr. John Macgregor at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, was a ragged school department which attained to a marked success, over £200 a week being still earned by the boys in the streets.

The world has made such progress during fifty years that the methods of other days are no longer practicable. The ragged schools have had to adapt their procedure to altered times. In a word, the old-time school, which may have been commenced in a cowshed or a stable, is found to have grown into a comprehensive institute for every day in the week;



ADVERSITY.

became the life and strength of the new movement, which could never have become what it did as a great reformatory movement in London apart from his distinguished leadership. For several years before any united effort was made to reach the out-cast population of London or to rescue the juveniles who were committing a fourth part of London's crime, the heir of the house of Shaftesbury had turned his back on the alluring advantages he might have secured as a rising politician to undertake work which was already marking him out as the chief philanthropist of his day. When for the first time he saw "Ragged School" in the *Times*, the phrase struck him as being peculiarly novel; but he was taken with it because it gave precise expression



RAGGED SCHOOL, SNOW'S FIELDS, BERMONDSEY.

to what might prove a partial cure for a most appalling evil. When he accepted the presidency of the Union, he gave time and energy to the cause with characteristic unselfishness.

The father of Dean Stanley of Westminster, who then held the see of Norwich, was the only bishop who could be prevailed upon to appear upon a ragged school platform, so that, for the most part, the pioneers had to be beholden to Lord Shaftesbury and Judge Joseph

though when within a few years Mr. Payne had given 300 ragged school addresses, he once hinted that there might be some difficulty in getting new matter.

The work of the Union developed in a wonderful manner, such as could not fail to inspire the teachers.



THE WEE BABIE COT.

Shaftesbury died, in 1885, he had stood at the helm of the ragged school ship for forty years. His successor, the Earl of Aberdeen, resigned the post when he became Governor-General of Canada. No one better fitted than Earl Compton to succeed to such an office could be named. Mr. Gent, the first secretary, was succeeded by Mr. John Kirk in 1879, since which date the operations of the Union have grown and developed in a way which proves that as regards work the celebration of the jubilee simply means the renewal of youth.



PROSPERITY.

and, while healthy recreation is provided, facilities for self-improvement are also given, so that those who wish to rise by dint of hard work can do so. Then the holiday homes which the Union has established in various parts of the country enable the teachers to send a selection of their more needy or ailing scholars for a fortnight's stay in the country or at the seaside, and at a nominal cost. These homes are kept open during the winter chiefly for the reception of crippled children, for whose welfare the Union now makes special efforts.

In the way of supplying clothing and boots on loan to specially necessitous children, the Union, through its Poor Children's Aid Branch, is in actual alliance with the London School Board.

Of the three presidents of the Union, two are living and are still young men. When Lord



A WAIF.



RECLAIMED.



By W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER V.

THE INJURED INNOCENT.

Veronica returned to South Audley Street in time for luncheon, and found a smart, military-looking old gentleman in a tightly buttoned frock-coat seated with her aunt. This was Mrs. Mansfield's brother-in-law, Lord Chippenham, who had succeeded to the family title and estates somewhat late in life, after rising to the rank of Lieutenant-General and achieving a sufficiency of renown in sundry of those small wars which afford opportunity to the modern British soldier. He was now sixty-five years of age and looked a good ten years younger, being blessed with a fine constitution, a cheerful temper and a set of features which had once upon a time worked havoc with the hearts of susceptible ladies. Even in his grey old age he continued to be very fond of the society of the opposite sex, preferring the young and pretty ones to those whose faces showed signs of wear and tear, but displaying the most amiable politeness to all. He shook hands with Veronica, and began calling her "my dear" at once.

"I am one of your poor uncle's executors, you know," he announced, "and I hear you have just been seeing the other. I was upon the point of saying I wished I was one of your trustees, but that would have been hardly true, for it's no joke, upon my word, to be a trustee! In my opinion, trustees ought to have been appointed, all the same. Well, well! let us hope that it will be all right. And how did you get on with old Walton? Found him rather a formal, cut-and-dried old chap, I daresay."

"No; I don't think I noticed that he was that," answered Veronica, upon whom Mr. Walton's personality had not produced a very strong impression one way or the other. "But he snubbed me a good deal."

"You don't say so! Well, my dear, I'll promise not to snub you, though I'm afraid I shall have to refer you to Mr. Walton upon all matters of business, which he understands much better than I do. Most likely the truth is that he wasn't half pleased about your uncle's will, and that may have made him a little short in his manner."

"He cannot be more displeased with it than I am," said Veronica disconsolately. "Did you ever before meet with the case of a person who had been enriched against her will, and who would give a good deal to resuscitate the man who had enriched her for the sake of arguing the point with him?"

Lord Chippenham really couldn't say that he had, and seemed to be a little sceptical as to whether he was in the presence of such a case now. "You'll come to it," he declared encouragingly, with a subdued chuckle. "There are worse misfortunes than having more money than you know what to do with. As for argument, I suspect that if you could call my poor old friend Trevor back



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from his grave for that purpose, you would soon wish you had left him alone. You might argue with him till you were black in the face and you wouldn't convince him that he could possibly make a mistake. Argument was his strong point—or, at least, assertion was. I have never known Trevor's equal for dogged, persistent assertion."

"If he was capable of asserting that it was wise, or even reasonable, to leave an estate to me, he was capable of asserting anything!" Veronica exclaimed.

"He was," agreed Mrs. Mansfield, with melancholy conviction; "there can be no doubt that Samuel was capable of asserting anything and everything. Also the contrary of everything."

Lord Chippenham enjoyed his luncheon, as well as the conversation of the girl whom he had expected to be an uninteresting country bumpkin. Both were excellent of their kind, and both had that spice of originality which is so welcome to a man who is getting on in life and has seen and tasted most things. What tickled his fancy about Veronica was not so much her professed reluctance to become a rich woman (in which he scarcely believed) as the direct simplicity of her speech and her evident disinclination to accept advice from anybody. It was clear that, whatever might happen, she would take her own line and stick to it, regardless of the prejudices or reproaches of these about her, and this struck Lord Chippenham—who, it must be remembered, was no longer young—as a new departure in feminine eccentricity. However, if she was not eager for advice, she was very keen about acquiring information, and after luncheon was over, she returned unceremoniously to the dining-room, where he had been told he might smoke a cigarette, for the purpose of putting a few questions to him in the absence of an embarrassing third person.

"Oh, dear! yes," answered the old gentleman, in reply to the first and most important of these. "Known him ever since he was a young subaltern; and a very smart young subaltern he was, too!—as fine a young fellow as ever stepped, I should say. Though his best friends—and he has any number of friends, let me tell you—would hardly pretend that he was likely to set the Thames on fire. But there's no satisfying some people. As for poor old Trevor, he was the kind of man who would have picked a quarrel with a stone wall. He would have quarrelled with me years and years ago, only I wouldn't let him; and you may depend upon it, my dear, that he would have quarrelled with you if you hadn't had the great good luck never to see his face."

"One always hears things too late!" sighed Veronica. "I would not have failed to force myself upon him if I had had the slightest suspicion that he entertained a misplaced affection for me. I suppose he is very angry and disappointed—Mr. Horace Trevor, I mean."

"Horace Trevor," answered Lord Chippenham, "is the best-tempered man in the world. Disappointed he may be—who wouldn't be, in his place?—but I doubt whether he is angry."

"I think," observed Veronica, "that I may very likely hand the Broxham estate over to him. It ought unquestionably to be his."

"Oh, you can't do that," said the old gentleman, laughing. "You mean that he would consider such an offer an insult?"

"Well, yes; it would be an insult. Moreover, the property without the money would be rather a white elephant. A hundred thousand pounds sounds like a large sum; but I can assure you, my dear, that you won't find it so much as you may think. Poor Trevor was a wealthy man once; but he muddled away his money upon Church missions and Ritualist prosecutions and one thing and another, and land, as I dare say you know, is an expensive luxury in these days. I am by no means sure that I should care to take Broxham as a gift myself. However, that is neither here nor there. You and I may have our own opinion as to your uncle's wisdom and justice, but what has been done can't be undone. We must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, that's all."

Perhaps the same notion may have suggested itself at the same moment to both malcontents; for their eyes met, and they broke into a simultaneous laugh. The one method of pleasing everybody and undoing what had been done was so ludicrously apparent! They did not, of course, carry indiscretion to the length of putting their thoughts into words; but Lord Chippenham presently departed in so cheerful and benevolent a frame of mind that, instead of making for the military club where he was wont to enjoy an afternoon rubber of whist, he turned in at another and somewhat smarter establishment, and inquired for Mr. Horace Trevor.

He was soon greeted by a young man, dressed in deep mourning, whose appearance corresponded so exactly with the succinct description of it given to Veronica by Mrs. Mansfield that it is needless to say anything more about him, except that he had a remarkably pleasant smile.

"Still in London, General?" this injured but by no means despondent-looking individual said.

"Where else should I be?" returned Lord Chippenham. "If you know any better place than London to be in at this impossible season of the year, you would do me a favour by letting me hear where it is. Besides, I've had matters of business to attend to. Come into the smoking-room; I want to talk to you."

And when he had ensconced himself in a comfortable arm-chair, he resumed: "Well, my dear boy, I have been lunching with Julia, and I have seen the heiress. All things considered, I think we may certainly congratulate ourselves. Strictly speaking, she isn't exactly what I should call a beauty; but she is quite a lady, and she looks distinguished—yes, distinguished is decidedly the word. Clever, too, I should imagine, from the way that she talks, and quick at seeing things. In short, I'm convinced that she'll do."

"Oh, well—that's all right," responded the young man

vaguely. "I am glad she is presentable, though it doesn't make much odds to me what she is like."

"My dear fellow, it makes all the odds in the world to you, seeing that she is your future bride."

"The deuce she is!" ejaculated the future bridegroom, staring blankly at his elderly mentor. "Who on earth told you that, General?"

"Come now, Horace, don't pretend that you have never thought of such a thing! It occurred to me as soon as I heard the wif read, and so it did to Julia. Also, I suspect, to the young lady herself, who, I may tell you, is full of remorse for having cut you out."

"Oh, but that was no fault of hers," returned Horace hastily, "and I'm sure it never entered into my head to blame her in any way. I do trust you and Aunt Julia haven't been telling her that she ought to make amends by marrying me out of hand!"

"Do you set us down as born fools?" asked Lord Chippenham. "We aren't advocating indecent haste or anything of that sort; only we have the common-sense to see that the very best thing that could happen would be for you two to take a fancy to one another. And there's no reason that I know of why you shouldn't. Anyhow, you had better go round to South Audley Street and judge for yourself. Your Aunt Julia was complaining that you never go to see her now."

Horace Trevor had always been accustomed to address Mrs. Mansfield as "Aunt Julia," although in reality she was no more his aunt than the defunct philanthropist who had for so many years posed as his benefactor had been his uncle. He had a genuine regard for her and a grateful recollection of the frequent occasions on which she had undertaken to make his peace with her exacting brother. If he had been somewhat remiss about paying his respects to her of late, this was because he did not wish to listen to lamentations over what could not now be helped. He had, of course, behaved like a fool; he had not been as conciliatory as he might have been; he had argued when it would have been just as easy, and a great deal more sensible, to remain silent; he had not chosen to clear himself from imputations for which there had been very little real ground. But all that was over and done with, and what was the good of grumbling? Horace Trevor had always been of opinion that a man ought to preserve his independence; he had acted in accordance with his convictions (for he did not think that the payment of a few trilling debts by his uncle constituted any surrender of them) and he had been charged a heavier price than he had anticipated for the privilege. It only remained for him to grin and bear it, and, having an ample stock of good-humour to draw upon, he had accomplished both feats creditably enough. It certainly had not occurred to him that his misfortune was in any way remediable; still less had he contemplated rendering the late Mr. Trevor's will of none effect by the simple expedient of espousing Miss Veronica Dimsdale.

He felt no inclination to do so now—in fact he was quite determined not to do so; but Lord Chippenham's remarks had stimulated his curiosity a little, and he thought he would rather like to see the girl. He also thought that he would like to have an opportunity of making it clear to her that he was neither jealous nor covetous. He could well understand that the poor girl might be troubled with scruples, and he had no difficulty in realising how Aunt Julia, with the best intentions in the world, would foster and encourage these. He pictured Veronica to himself as a simple little maiden, prone to be influenced by the suggestions of her elders and liable to be made unhappy by their displeasure. Now, one does not, if one is a good fellow in the main, want an unoffending girl to be made unhappy, even though she has stepped into a pair of shoes which were constructed for one's own feet and are likely to prove a trifle too large for her to wear with comfort.

On the following afternoon, therefore, Mr. Horace went his way to South Audley Street, prepared to be very nice and friendly and to make everybody comfortable. He was very far from being a conceited young man; but he did flatter himself that he had the knack of setting people at their ease, and he had every excuse for so believing. As a matter of fact, he had pleasant manners, and, being fond of his fellow-creatures, was universally beloved by them. Even old Mr. Trevor had probably loved him, while sternly disapproving of him. At all events, there could be no question as to the sentiments entertained for him by Mrs. Mansfield, who jumped up when he was shown into her drawing-room, and greeted him with effusion.

"My dear boy," she exclaimed, "this is good of you! You know that Veronica Dimsdale is here?—staying in the house, at least. She isn't at home just now, I am sorry to say, which is most unfortunate. I wanted you so much to see her!"

"Well, I called to see you, you know," Horace remarked, with partial truth.

"Then all that I can say is that you have called to see a deeply disgusted old woman. I can't get over it, Horace. I really can't! And if we were not assured that purgatory is a fond thing, vainly invented, I should feel far from confident as to poor Samuel's state."

"Oh, you'll get over it," said Horace cheerfully; "I have already. Now let's hear about the heiress; the General was praising her up to the skies yesterday."

Mrs. Mansfield might have been imprudent enough to imitate Lord Chippenham in that respect if she had not detected a half-amused, half-apprehensive look in Horace's grey eyes which warned her against a too speedy betrayal of her schemes. As it was, she only said, "Oh, Veronica is charming. Not quite your style, perhaps; still, charming in her own way. I don't suppose it will be very long before some good man relieves me of all further responsibility for her."

"I don't suppose it will. Broxham is worthy of the attention of good men—not to mention bad ones."

"Ah! but I mean she will be married for her own sake.

Tastes differ, you know. Of course, as I say, she isn't the sort of girl whom you would be likely to admire."

"I admire all sorts," declared Horace, who was not in the least taken in by this rather transparent diplomacy; "what makes you think that I shouldn't appreciate your Veronica? I thought you were so anxious for me to meet her."

"So I am," answered Mrs. Mansfield; "and so is she, poor thing! For naturally she cannot help feeling that you owe her a grudge, and she wants to be assured that you don't. I only meant to say that she is not at all like the class of young women with whom you are in the habit of flirting. The chances, I am afraid, are that you won't hit it off with her."

A few leading questions extorted from Mrs. Mansfield the confession that she herself had not as yet been brilliantly successful in hitting it off with her niece, whom she pronounced to be an incomprehensible mixture of docility and self-will.

"She has evidently been very well educated, but I doubt whether she has been very well brought up. She seems to have been accustomed to take her own way as a matter of course, and she won't discuss things. She either yields or she doesn't. More often than not, I suspect, she doesn't. When I told her that it wasn't quite the proper thing for her to go to the National Gallery this afternoon all by herself she wanted to know why. I said she might be insulted; but she declared that she really couldn't believe that, and off she went without more ado. Yet it stands to reason that she *may* be insulted."

"Oh, I expect she'll be all right," said Horace easily. "I have never been in the National Gallery myself, so I don't know what sort of people frequent that place of amusement; but I should imagine that they would be a highly respectable lot. Besides, I understand that she doesn't shine conspicuously in the matter of personal beauty."

Mrs. Mansfield said rather crossly that that wasn't the question. "I suppose the General has been telling you that she is plain: he calls everybody plain who hasn't a little mouth and big eyes and a perfectly meaningless cast of countenance, like the beauties of his boyhood. Times have changed since then, and, unless I am very much mistaken, Veronica will have as many admirers as she can possibly want before she is much older."

The problem was to arouse Horace's interest and predispose him in Veronica's favour, without hinting at the possibility of his doing anything so eminently satisfactory as to fall in love with her. Mrs. Mansfield, more judicious than her fellow-conspirator, was alive to all the risks attendant upon plain speech, and when, on the expiration of half an hour, the young man, after glancing at his watch, said he must be off, she did not feel able to congratulate herself upon having advanced far towards the attainment of her purpose.

But in truth she had been more successful than she supposed; and the proof of this was that when Horace Trevor left South Audley Street, he bent his steps unhesitatingly in the direction of Trafalgar Square. He said to himself that really, when you came to think of it, it was a scandalous thing never to have been inside the National Gallery; and he also said to himself that it would be rather amusing to try and discover which of the dowdy females whom he expected to encounter there was Miss Veronica Dimsdale.

He was not, however, destined to increase his very scanty acquaintance with the pictorial art that day; for he reached his destination only in time to find that the doors were about to be closed and that everybody was coming out. He lingered for a few minutes at the entrance, watching the people as they emerged, and presently his eye fell upon a tall young lady in black, who, he at once made up his mind, must be no other than his fair supplanter. All doubt as to her identity was removed when, after looking about her in obvious perplexity, she addressed the attendant constable.

"I can't remember whether I ought to turn to the right or the left," she said, in a clear contralto voice.

"What address, M'm?" the policeman inquired.

"That's just the stupid part of it!—the name has gone out of my head. It's South Something Street—Mrs. Mansfield's. But I suppose you wouldn't know who Mrs. Mansfield is."

The policeman admitted his ignorance, and suggested reference to a Post-Office Directory, which, he said, would probably be obtainable at any neighbouring shop; but at this juncture Horace judged it appropriate and permissible to intervene.

"I think you must be Miss Dimsdale, are you not?" he said, stepping forward and taking off his hat. "I have just come from your aunt's house in South Audley Street, and I shall be very glad to show you the way there, unless you would rather that I called a hansom for you. My name is Trevor; you have heard of me, I know."

The girl did not seem to be in the least shy or awkward. He noticed that, just as he had noticed already that her voice and manner bore the stamp of good breeding, and he was very much pleased when she held out her hand and exclaimed with a smile: "What a lucky chance! You are the very person whom I most particularly wanted to see. I wonder whether you would mind walking part of the way home with me?"

He made the only reply that could have been made, but his sincerity in making it was so unmistakable that Veronica felt drawn towards him at once. Indeed, there were not many people who did not take a liking to Horace Trevor at first sight. So these two paced along Pall Mall East, side by side, and the policeman, gazing benevolently after them, remarked to the doorkeeper that they made what he should call a 'andsome couple.

CHAPTER VI.

A FRIENDLY COMPACT.

"I am sure," Veronica began, "you must heartily wish I had never been born. Don't trouble about protesting, for if I were you I should certainly feel just as you do; only I think you must admit that I am not in any way answerable for what has happened."

"Of course you're not," the young man declared.

"That is really my sole consolation. As I never even saw my uncle, and only once in my life had a sort of indirect message from him, I can't be accused of having exercised undue influence. I have always understood and always believed that he hated me for my mother's sake. I attached no importance to that message which came through Aunt Julia, and which was to the effect that I should get something when he died. In fact, it seems to be tolerably certain that at the time he only meant to leave me a small legacy. Oh, if he had but dropped down dead there and then how much better it would have been!"

"You aren't over and above grateful for benefits received," remarked Horace, with an amused side-glance at his companion.

"I have nothing to be grateful for. My benefactor threw me what he couldn't take away with him, not because I was myself but because I wasn't you. He has placed me in a most uncomfortable and embarrassing position, and it appears to me that he hasn't been even commonly honest. I suppose it was quite an understood thing that you were to succeed him, was it not?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the young man. "I certainly expected that he would make me his heir, and so did everybody else; but I can't say that he ever committed himself to a distinct promise. On the contrary, he threatened scores of times to cut me adrift if I didn't mend my ways."

"Were your ways so very bad, then?" Veronica inquired.

"Upon my word I don't think they were; but they weren't his ways, and so we had perpetual rows. I'm bound to confess that I wasn't very respectful to him; he used to talk such—well, he's dead now, and perhaps it wasn't really humbug. But it sounded uncommonly like it."

"He objected to your betting, I suppose."

"Oh, he objected to everything; you couldn't please him, and it wasn't much use to try. My own belief is that if I had joined the Salvation Army or become a total abstainer, he would have found something to object to in that."

"I daresay," observed Veronica reflectively, "you wouldn't tell me if he had had some more serious ground of complaint against you than I know of. Of course, I couldn't expect you to tell me. And yet it seems almost necessary that I should ascertain, by some means or other."

"I don't quite understand," said the young man, opening his grey eyes rather wide.

"And it is so difficult to explain! Perhaps you wouldn't mind just answering me in general terms if I asked you what sort of a life you have led—whether it has been what is commonly called a fast life, for instance?"

Well, this was rather an odd question for a young lady to put, and although Horace was not offended, it made him feel

you is that he was the queerest-tempered man I ever came across. Nothing that he did ever surprised me, and I wasn't at all surprised when I heard that he had altered his will after our last scene. However, I may say with a clear conscience that the worst offence I ever committed, in his eyes, was going to the races on a Sunday. I don't claim to have been a saint; but I haven't any reason to accuse myself of dissipation or hard drinking, or anything of that sort. In fact, I should think you could see for yourself by looking at me that I haven't."

Veronica, without concerning herself in the slightest degree about the circumstance that they were walking down Pall Mall in broad daylight, and were attracting a certain amount of notice on the part of the passers-by, scrutinised his healthy, honest countenance and smiled at him.

"Thank you," she returned: "it is very good of you to have answered me so frankly, and I quite believe what you say. One can only conclude, then, that my uncle was a sort of religious maniac, and that he ought to have been deprived of the management of his own affairs. After all, the way in which he treated my father and mother supports that theory. At the same time, I must own that I myself have rather a prejudice against men who are neither particularly bad nor particularly good—men whose only object in life is to amuse themselves, and who never dream it is any business of theirs to leave the world a little better than they found it."

"Meaning me?" Horace Trevor inquired.

"Ah! I don't know. I might mean you. That's just the question. I need hardly tell you that what I should like to do would be to transfer this Broxham estate to you without delay; but, you see, it is rather an important step to take. I think, perhaps, I ought to satisfy myself first that you would try to

make as good a use as you could of the property."

Horace burst out laughing.

"I beg your pardon," he said, perceiving that she was a little affronted. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so rude, and I am really grateful to you for your generous intention. Only, you know, the thing couldn't be done. In the first place, I couldn't rob you of your property; and in the second place, a will which was made with the deliberate purpose of cutting me out of it couldn't be annulled."

"I shouldn't feel the smallest compunction on that score,"



So these two paced along Pall Mall East side by side.

unwontedly shy. Who is to know what young ladies understand by "fast"?

"You need not," Veronica went on, by way of setting him more at his ease, "feel afraid of shocking me. Girls know many more things than they are supposed to know, and I have read a good deal, and I am neither deaf nor blind, in spite of having lived all my life in a country parish. I don't want to catechise you; I only want, if I possibly can, to account for my uncle's conduct."

"I am afraid it would puzzle you to do that without having known him," Horace answered, laughing. "All I can tell

Veronica declared. "We agreed that the man was not sane enough to make a will at all."

"Well, you said so; I don't remember agreeing with you. Uncle Samuel was quite as sane as most of us, I expect. Please don't bother yourself any more about the matter. It's awfully kind of you to have thought about me at all, and I'm very glad we have met. I don't see why we shouldn't be friends, do you?"

"I should like nothing better than to be a friend of yours," was Veronica's satisfactory response. She added meditatively, after a moment, "In some ways you remind me a good deal of Joseph."

"I often remind myself of him," the young man replied gravely. "That is, if you allude to the Patriarch."

Veronica broke into one of her abrupt laughs. "I was alluding to my young cousin, Joe Dimsdale," she said. "He is very unlike you in appearance, because he has red hair, and he has never dressed smartly, or wanted to dress smartly, in his life; but I think you would get on together all the same. You are fond of hunting and shooting, I presume."

"I am very fond of hunting," Horace answered. "Of course I do shoot, but I can't pretend to be much of a shot. However, nothing in the shape of sport comes amiss to me."

"Nor does it to him. Personally, I rather disapprove of sport, though I know you would justify it by the same arguments that he uses."

Like George, III., who, in his simplicity, had never supposed that the Bible stood in need of an Apology, Horace Trevor had not until now thought of seeking any justification for pursuits which have received the sanction and approval of centuries. More in sorrow than in anger, he said he did hope Miss Dimsdale was not a Radical. "I haven't met a great many Radical women," he admitted, "but those whom I have come across have been more than enough for me. Awful beings, with their hair cut short or parted on one side, who made speeches from platforms and wanted to repeal—well, pretty well everything! I am sure you can't belong to that hideous crew!"

Veronica replied that she did not at present contemplate making any change in the arrangement of her hair, but that she was endeavouring to bring an unprejudiced mind to bear upon all subjects. As she marched up St. James's Street she was proceeding to unfold, with considerable emphasis and appropriate gesticulation, the reasons that she had for doubting whether the slaughter of innumerable grouse and pheasants is an ennobling form for dexterity to take, when the approach of a tall, elderly gentleman, with a badly brushed hat and an exquisite Marshal Niel rose in his buttonhole, caused her to interrupt her harangue.

"Oh, here is Mr. Mostyn! How delightful!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand to the new-comer, who greeted her in an affectionate, fatherly fashion and nodded to her companion.

"I have only just run up for a couple of days," Mr. Mostyn announced; "please don't tell anybody that you have seen me."

There were a few people (and Horace Trevor chanced to be one of them) who thought that the great man's terror of being run after was just a trifle exaggerated, and that, in any case, there was no need for him to proclaim it quite so persistently as he did. But Veronica, knowing how great Cyril Mostyn really was, always took him with the utmost seriousness.

"I suppose we ought not to keep you standing on the pavement, where you are visible from the windows of all these clubs," she said anxiously. "Are you very busy, or could you, do you think, find time to look in at South Audley Street before you go back to the country?"

Mostyn smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid I can't manage it," he answered; "to tell you the truth, I have every single hour engaged. Still, I might stay an additional hour or two in London if I were very particularly wanted. Am I?"

Veronica, after biting her lip reflectively, felt unable to assert that he was. What he meant, of course, was that he would be willing to give her his opinion of Horace Trevor. But she would not upset his plans upon so frivolous a pretext as that, and, after all, he probably knew nothing more about the young man than she herself did by this time. That

much, and I admire him even more than I like him. So would you, if you had read his writings."

"I have read some of them," Horace said; "they were a bit over my head, I suppose, for I must confess that I found them rather tough work. I have no doubt he is a genius, though. Only don't you think he is a little too conceited about it?"

"Most certainly not," declared Veronica. "You can't be conceited when you are as big as that; vanity is one of the defects that belong to little people."

"Well, perhaps it isn't conceit then; perhaps there's some other name for the complaint when it attacks people of his size. But, whatever it may be, he has got it, and I can't help thinking that he would be improved by being cured of it. What did he mean by the 'hard case' which he was so anxious to dissuade you from solving?"

"I have a great mind to tell you," answered Veronica. "Yes, I don't see why I shouldn't; it may help us to be comfortable and friendly together if I do. He was only referring to a mild joke that I made just before I left home. I said my dilemma was very much like one of those which are published every week in *Vanity Fair*, and that the obvious way for the embarrassed young woman to make amends to the ill-treated young man whom she ousted was to marry him. There is no harm in my mentioning this now; because, after talking to you, I feel quite certain that you will never wish to marry me, and though I like what I have seen of you very much, I am just as certain that I shall never wish to marry you. I shouldn't wonder if other people were to try to arrange a match between us—"

"Oh, they will," interrupted the young man; "they have begun already."

"I suspected as much, and really one can't blame them. But from the moment that we have made up our minds not to oblige them they won't be able to give us any annoyance worth speaking of. I hope you don't mind my talking like this. You were saying just now that you wanted to be friends with me, and I want above all things to be friends with you. In the absence of some mutual understanding and compact, that might be made difficult for us, you see."

Horace laughed and answered, "All right." His acquiescence was a shade less cordial than it might have been, had he been less unequivocally informed that Miss Dimsdale could not regard him as a possible husband. Certainly, he had no ambition to become her husband, while her proffered friendship

was welcome to him; but it is a part of the inborn perversity of human nature that we resent having our disabilities thrust upon our notice, however palpable they may be.

"And now that that is settled," resumed Veronica cheerfully, "let us discuss the question of the Broxham estate in an amicable, sensible spirit. Lord Chippenham says that the estate without the money would not be worth having; but—"

"Oh, bother Lord Chippenham!" broke in Horace impatiently. "He may say what he pleases; but he knows as well as I do that it is absurd to talk about your resigning your inheritance. Please believe, once for all, that nothing—absolutely nothing on earth—would induce me to accept an acre of land or a shilling of money from you."

"Well, you needn't lose your temper over it," said Veronica reprovingly.

Horace declared that he had not lost his temper—never lost his temper. At the same time, he must decline to be bullied; and the last words he spoke to his companion, after leading her to Mrs. Mansfield's threshold, were: "Now mind, if we are going to be friends, there is just one subject which we must agree to avoid for the future."

(To be continued.)



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

reminded her of Horace's presence, which she had forgotten for the moment, and she said: "Oh! by-the-way, you have met Mr. Trevor already, haven't you?"

The two men made the customary inarticulate murmur, and exchanged a few remarks referring to common acquaintances; after which there did not seem to be any special reason for prolonging the interview.

"I shall tell your uncle and aunt that I have seen you and that you are looking remarkably well," Mostyn said, as he took leave of Veronica. Then he added laughingly, in an undertone, "Don't be too hasty about solving that Hard Case in the manner that you suggested; such solutions are much more apt to result in blanks than prizes."

When Veronica and her escort had resumed their walk, the latter asked in a dissatisfied tone, "Do you like that chap?"

"Oh, you certainly do resemble Joseph!" Veronica exclaimed; "he has asked me the very same question in the very same voice again and again. Yes, I like Mr. Mostyn very

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

THE marriage of two of Queen Victoria's grandchildren to each other, in the presence of their royal grandmother, at Coburg, on Thursday, April 19, is an occasion naturally interesting to the English people; and it is also an event of some importance in German princely circles, as the bridegroom is the reigning sovereign of Hesse-Darmstadt; while the bride, an Englishwoman by her birth, is daughter of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, our Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of her Majesty the Queen and of the late Prince Consort.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse, which occupies a portion of German territory on both banks of the Rhine and to the south and west of the Main, including the confluence of those rivers at Mainz or Mayence, with the cities of Mainz, Darmstadt, and Worms, and the University town of Giessen, has one million of inhabitants. Though small compared with the neighbouring kingdoms of Bavaria and Württemberg, and little more than half the size of Baden, its position among the independent States of South Germany has always been considerable in political and military history, and its Princes have borne a distinguished part in contests for national and religious freedom. It is represented by three members of the Bundesrath or Federal Council, and nine deputies in the Reichstag of the German Empire. The late Grand Duke, Louis IV., who married the English Princess Alice, the second daughter of our Queen, died on March 13, 1892, and was succeeded by his son, Ernest Louis, born Nov. 25, 1868, now united to his first cousin, Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, which gave birth to the late Prince Albert, the husband of our Queen, is a twofold principality, with a rather scattered territory, having a population of somewhat more than 200,000, in the Thuringian region of Central Germany. It sends one member of the Federal Council and two Reichstag deputies to assist in the deliberations of the Empire. The late Duke



Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA AND HER SISTERS, PRINCESSES MARIE AND ALEXANDRA.

Ernest II., an able and influential politician, took an active part in German national affairs before the ascendancy of Prussia was secured in 1866. He was married to Princess Alexandrina of Baden, but had no children, and on his recent death was succeeded by his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Prince Albert and of Queen Victoria, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. His Royal Highness, in 1874, married her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie, only daughter of the late Emperor Alexander II. of Russia; and Princess Victoria Melita, born at the San Antonio Palace in Malta on Nov. 25, 1876, is the third child of that marriage.

Princess Victoria Melita is only seventeen years of age, but is advanced in all qualities to fit her for her future position — a good linguist, of cheerful nature, and a great favourite with her parents. She is a thorough horsewoman, never losing an opportunity since she was a child at Malta of a ride in the company of her sisters to explore fresh country scenes, which were plentiful in her early days at Eastwell Park, as well as in the neighbourhood of Coburg. Owing to the special care bestowed on the Princesses by their mother, the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, they have not neglected their studies, while time has been allowed for the healthier exercises and other recreations, and Princess Victoria, as the tallest of the Princesses, has perhaps also the grace, if not the same style of beauty, as her married sister.

As the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha have lived at various times so much out of London, their faces are not so familiar to the British public as those of the Prince and Princess of Wales's family, but in their home in Kent as well as in Malta, where the Duke's duties in the Navy required his presence, and latterly in Coburg, they have all earned a well-deserved popularity. As Princess Victoria is not going far away from home, there will not be the feelings of separation as in her sister's case; as Darmstadt, where she will in future reside, is in the direct line of route for England, where, we are given to understand, the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the Duchess will reside for a certain period of the year.



Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTH.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA AND HER SISTER, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photos by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

C. PLATONOFF.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA AND THE GRAND DUKE ERNEST LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA AND HER SISTER, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



THE GRAND DUKE ERNEST LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

Photos by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.



Photo by Yeo, Plymouth.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



Photo by Uhlenuth, Coburg.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



Photo by Uhlenuth, Coburg.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



Photo by Yeo, Plymouth.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA.



PANORAMA OF COBURG.



BALL-ROOM, SCHLOSS EHRENBURG, AT COBURG.

Photos by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

COBURG AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The town of Coburg, one of the residences of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, has 16,500 inhabitants. It is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Itz, a tributary of the river Main. The other Court residence of the Duchy is Gotha, a rather larger town, situated fifty or sixty miles to the north of Coburg, between Eisenach and Erfurt. The reigning family is that descended from Duke John Ernest, seventh

occupied by the Swedish troops and besieged by Wallenstein in 1632: it is now used as a museum. Attached to the modern ducal palace is the beautiful Hofgarten, extending three-quarters of a mile up the slope of the hill; it contains a small villa, built in 1868, a pavilion adorned with sculpture casts, and the mausoleum of Duke Francis, who died in 1806, and of the Duchess Augusta Caroline. In the town are the palace assigned to the Duke of Edinburgh, as heir presumptive in his late uncle's lifetime; the Cohary Palace, behind the theatre; the Rathhaus, the Moritzkirche,



Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

THE COURT CHAPEL AT COBURG: SCENE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING.

son of Duke Ernest the Pious, who in 1699 succeeded an elder brother in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, to which that of Saxe-Gotha was joined, in 1826, by an arrangement between the neighbouring Thuringian princes, other territories being given up in exchange. Coburg has an ancient Schloss, or castle, on a hill 1520 ft. high, which was the abode of the old Counts of Henneberg and of the Saxon Dukes until 1549, when John Ernest transferred his dwelling to the present ducal palace, Schloss Ehrenburg, a handsome edifice in the English Gothic style, which was originally a monastery, but was much altered by Duke Ernest I. and his successors. The ancient castle, in which Luther passed three months in 1530, about the time of the Diet of Augsburg, was

a fine church of the fifteenth century with a tower 334 ft. high, and monuments of Duke Ernest I., John Casimir, and other old members of the reigning family, besides the statue of the late Prince Albert, by Theed, which Queen Victoria unveiled in 1865, and a monument of the war with France in 1870 and 1871. Coburg has some associations with literary biography in connection with Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, and Rückert, though in these it is surpassed by Weimar. Four or five miles to the north-east of the town is Rosenau, the Duke's summer palace, which was the birthplace, in 1819, of the late Prince Consort, and where Queen Victoria sojourned with them eleven days in 1845. Callenberg, another country seat of the Duke, is in the same neighbourhood.



Photo by Ullenhuth, Coburg.

THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.
MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.



Photo by Ullenhuth, Coburg.

DUKE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.
FATHER OF THE BRIDE.



Photo by Dassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE GRAND DUKE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.
FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.



Photo by Dassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.
MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

THE FIRST EDITION MANIA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If there is one man of letters more than another to whom I would publicly offer my heartfelt sympathy, that man is Mr. Slater. He has recently published a book on Modern First Editions, and I daresay it is an admirable book. But he might as wisely have published, in the lightness of his heart, a Monograph on Old Brass Buttons, a most intricate subject. The collectors of modern first editions are down on Mr. Slater, "which cartloads of bricks is weakness," as Mrs. Gamp might say, to express the vigour of their onslaught. It seems that Mr. Slater does not think some first editions quite so valuable as their spirited proprietors do. But how is mortal man to know what a first edition of some common modern book is worth? If you go by statistics of sales by auction, you must remember that people get excited at auctions, and over-bid themselves. If you go by booksellers' catalogues, different booksellers have different estimates.

Personally, I am no wiser than the Vicar of Wakefield, who so deplorably failed in a commercial transaction of his own, after he had rebuked Moses for his lack of sagacity in the affair of the Green Spectacles. I also am and have been "let in"; and here followeth an anecdote to illustrate the fluctuating value of books. I had been editing the "Secret Commonwealth" of Kirk, written in 1691, and apparently first published in 1815. I had one of the hundred copies printed in 1815; but in a bookseller's catalogue I found another, with an autograph inscription of Sir Walter Scott's, presenting the tract to Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, the son of the immortal Bozzy. Now, mark the depravity of the collector. I bought this duplicate: "we were together, and I fell." The sum which I paid must not here be mentioned, lest these confessions fall into the wrong hands. But after committing this excess, I saw Mr. Slater's yearly volume on "Book Prices Current," and found that the Scott-Boswell copy brought only £1 5s. or so at the Auchinleck sale. The difference between the auction price and the bookseller's price was—well, it was monstrous. But then, no mortal, probably, but the editor of Kirk would have paid the second sum, especially as he could get that editor's own fresh edition, with much new lore, for five shillings or thereabouts. This illustration shows that prices of books are quite contingent: the buyer (generally a fool), the seller (commonly quite awake to the circumstance just mentioned), the "condition" of the book and other things all affect the price, and Mr. Slater can only hit on as fair a balance of probabilities as he may. Of course some booksellers let rarities go very cheap. Myself, I have bought Keats's "Lamia" for fifteen pieces of silver, and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," first edition, very fine and large, for next to nothing, nor did I even know that I was getting "a bargain"—that is, was defrauding the bookseller. So hard is it to determine prices which are mere fancy prices.

Then there comes in the description, which to please a true collector must be of a minuteness and accuracy quite microscopic. Mr. Slater says that a privately reprinted article of the present author is in "green wrappers." Mr. Falconer, with an eagle's eye, detects the circumstance that the "green wrappers" were "blue boards" or

what not. I think Mr. Falconer is right for him, but there may be copies in scarlet velvet for what I know; and, again, Mr. Slater may suffer, in this very important matter, from an "illusion of memory," as if he said he had seen a Green Lady in a Scotch castle. And amateurs may hunt for green wrappers as hopefully as for blue roses. Meanwhile Mr. Roberts, in an article on first editions which I have not seen, has sinned against the truth as it is in Mr. T. J. Wise, who publishes a portentous list of Mr. Roberts's crimes in the *Bookman*. All these "follics of the wise" in book-collecting should be a warning to collectors. They must observe that there are terrible pitfalls for their feet, and, if they are wary, they will scarcely give a hundred pounds for a set of Mr. Gale's poems complete. At least, that is my own private opinion. Why, you might, with luck, get "Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye" for a hundred pounds, or a very nice gem or two, or a month on a salmon river (not always a good speculation), in fact,

there is a great deal of spending in a hundred pounds. Meanwhile, may not Mr. Gale's agreeable muse be revealed in copies at a ransom within the reach of most lovers of song? I fancy that this is the case.

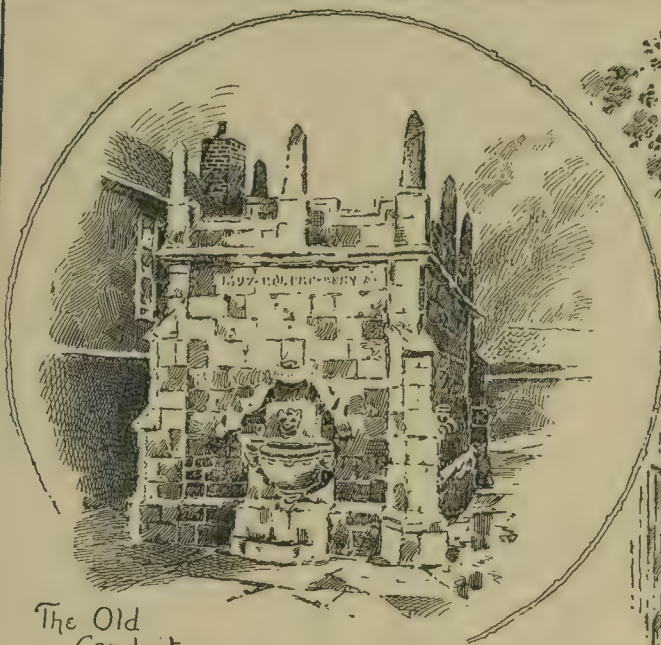
The mania for first editions is carried too far, and is foolish even for a mania. The books of the really great—as Shakspeare, Molière, Shelley, Tennyson, Burns—we may not unjustifiably desire to have in their original form, both for the text and for the sentiment; but the collector plunges now on the first editions by authors whom, to put it mildly, time and the verdict of the world have not yet consecrated as great—indeed, the odds are that they never will be canonised, as it were. The "Con Cregans" and other not very distinguished novels of Lever are only quoted at high prices in obedience to a very transient fashion. As to the ruck of little verse-books, they are only "rare" because nobody really wants them, except collectors who take time by the forelock and hope that the volumes will become "rare" in time. Moreover, what on earth does it matter

whether Mr. Hotten's or Mr. Moxon's name is on the title-page of a volume of Mr. Swinburne's? The volumes are exactly the same, or, at most, a misprint is corrected in the second. I have a "Queen Mother" of Mr. Swinburne's—green cloth, paper title stuck on. Now there are at least two, if not three, paper titles pasted one above another. I think Pickering is at the bottom of the layers, and Hotten on the top, and possibly Moxon between. But the "Queen Mother" is just the same poem for all that. Perhaps the labels may seem highly valuable and dearly precious to some of the queer new collectors. Perhaps Mr. Slater has, or maybe he has not, mentioned this extraordinary affair of the paper labels, and collectors may now hurry into print and denounce him if he has neglected so obvious a duty. Of course, it is perfectly true: if a man is to write on all this anise, mint, and cumin, he should "write it right," though anyone may err in such a mass of insignificant detail. But the mania seems to be stretching into the infinite. Useful it may prove to the future bibliographer, but he will hardly concern himself with fourth-rate poets, essayists, and novelists, as many of the collectors do. And one wishes one could be certain that they read the books which they collect, or better books.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA AND THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

Photo by E. Henrichs, Co.urg.



The Old Conduit.



Street Scene

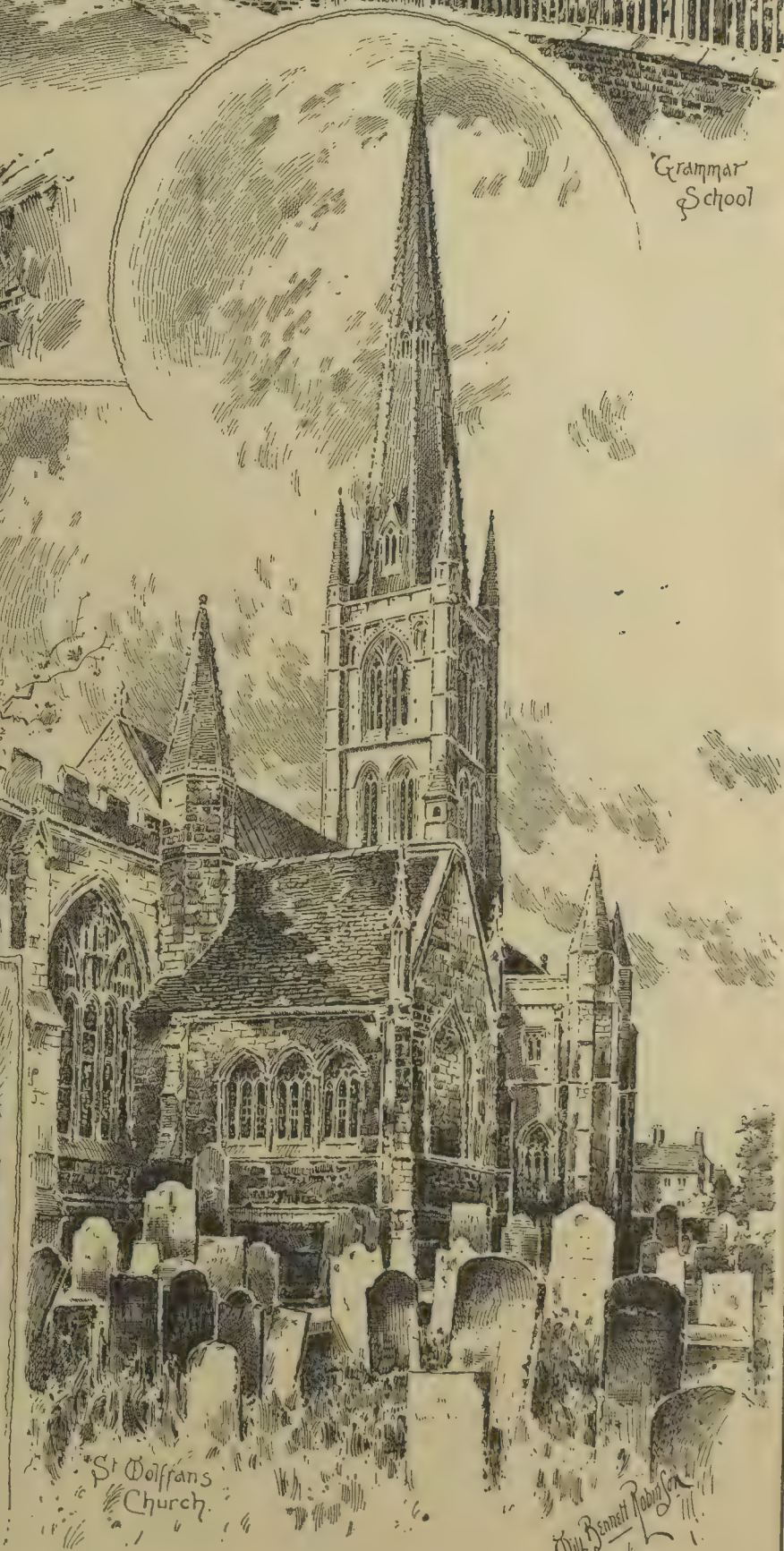


Grammar School



DR. P. H. EYRE, C.

The Angel Hotel



St. Wolfrans Church

W. Bennett

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON.

I have been perusing the details of a curious case in which a negro's skin changed its colour from the typical black hue to a uniform white all over his body, save for a few spots of dark colour on his cheeks, ears, and forehead. That the Ethiopian can change his skin, or, at least, the colour of his integument, is, therefore, a matter of scientific certainty. What is doubtful is the question whether this curious result is to be regarded as due to variation, acting as a normal and occasional feature of life, or to something in the way of actual disease. The man, whose case has been fully recorded in at least one medical journal of repute, is now sixty years of age. His children are black, and exhibit none of the lightening of tint which characterises their male parent. His hair is still of the negro type, but grey in colour, and he is a perfectly healthy man. So that, unless we are to regard the skin-condition as indicative of some pathological change, limited to the integument, and marked by no bodily disturbance whatever (an unlikely combination of circumstances, I confess), the balance of evidence would naturally throw us towards the opinion that some condition pertaining to natural variation and not to disease lies at the root of the curious alteration in colour.

The alteration in colour began when this negro was fifteen years of age. It proceeded slowly and gradually at first, and began on his breast. The change had not affected his lips before the civil war. Fifteen years ago, his face and hands were still black; since then the change of colour has progressed rapidly, especially on the hands. The change on the body and feet was one from black to yellow, and then to white. There is no difference in the sensitiveness of the white skin, as compared with the black skin. I have often remarked that if a fact or circumstance stands solitary and by itself in our category of knowledge, explanation may be difficult, or even impossible. If, contrariwise, you can link the fact, even remotely, to other facts, it loses its unique character it is true, but becomes more likely to be brought within the range of scientific explanation. Now, white varieties of normally dark-coloured animals are not at all uncommon. "Albinos," as they are named, are met with in very many classes of the animal kingdom. Darwin, speaking of albino birds, for instance, remarks that "they can be raised with the greatest facility under confinement," and shows that in a state of nature they can be also bred. Besides, white or albino varieties of rabbits, pigeons, rats, mice, and cats are known to us all; and white cats with pink eyes, by the way, are always deaf—a curious and inexplicable correlative between colour and sense. Albinos among ordinary white men are also common enough, and in them we see a striking lack of pigment development, with a white or pink transparent skin, white hair, and eyes destitute of their natural colour. The negro, as Sir Erasmus Wilson remarks, is liable to albinism, when transferred from Africa to unhealthy districts in the West Indies and South America. He adds that albinos may be perfectly healthy, and may exhibit "remarkable intellectual vigour."

With such facts before us, and with the knowledge of the many species of animals in which albinism occurs, can we be justified in saying that the case of the white negro is one of disease? I think not. True, as has been remarked, the border-line betwixt variations the result of natural conditions and those arising from a diseased process is very narrow; but, judging the case to which I have alluded on general principles, we may be very near the truth if we hold that it represents simply a case of human variation allied to the cases of albinism we meet with in lower life. Of the exact causes of the condition and change, I suppose we may frankly own that we know nothing definite or certain. Changes from a dark to a light colour occur naturally in many Arctic animals as winter approaches; and the same species of animal may exhibit a white dress in one locality and not in another. As we approach colder regions, there is a general but not universal tendency for a white dress to be assumed by quadrupeds and birds; so that some natural law or condition must underlie this general occurrence of white colour in relation to climate. The real difficulty exists in applying any of the principles of ordinary biology to the case of the negro and to similar instances in man. There are changes of skin-colour to dark hues known to occur in white races as the results of disease; but it is just possible these changes may also fall to be regarded as more of normal than of diseased character, when all is said and done. If it be held that the white races have sprung from a lower and coloured stock, perchance we may see in cases of negro-albinism a clue to the possible manner in which the evolution of black into white has been accomplished; although, of course, I do not offer either this theory or the suggestion of its practical outcome as in any sense explanatory of our racial origin.

In these days of athletics and the cultivation of bone and sinew it may be interesting if I reproduce in this page some notes of a strong man's performances as tested in America, at the Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard. The gentleman in question is Mr. Edward Klein, of Deerfield, Mass. It seems that up to the date of Mr. Klein's testing, the best record was that of S. L. Foster, made in 1884. His total strength was given at 1348.8 points; Mr. Klein's total reached 1445.6 points. The record is composed of the following items: Strength of lungs, 23; of back, 340; of legs, 740; of upper arms, 201.6; of right forearm, 78; of left forearm, 63. His total of last year was only 1015.2. The system of measurements is that of Dr. Sargent. The strength of the upper arm is calculated in this method: by adding the number of times the subject pushes himself up on the parallel bars, or the number of times he dips to the number of times he pulls himself up on suspended rings; the sum of this effort being multiplied into one-tenth of the weight. I do not know how these results compare with the performances of some of our professional strong men and women. It would be interesting to know if the professional athletes have ever been scientifically tested and compared at all.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W E THOMPSON (Smetheott).—Both solutions are correct and are acknowledged below, although the first, unfortunately, is not the author's. We are always pleased to receive problems, trusting, of course, to the honour of our contributors that they are bona-fide. The other matter is one over which we have no control.

F H ROLLINSON.—The diagram looks very nice, and we wish the column success.

A RETTICH (Streatham).—Problem shall be examined and reported on in a future issue.

W P HIND (Scarborough), ALPHA, and OTHERS.—Mr. Fison's problem deserves your compliments.

G W BLYTH.—Thanks for game, which we trust will prove attractive enough to publish.

H GANSSER (Michigan).—P to K 7th gives a second solution to your problem. Ought it to be a black one?

R KELLY (of Kelly).—The two-mover can be solved by K takes P, dis. ch. and mate. It is hardly worth mending, however; but that in three is accepted.

G BLAKE (Cheltenham).—We are scarcely of your opinion, as the attack had become so strong; but we will look further into the position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2604 and 2605 received from T B Miller (Wilkes Barre); of No. 2607 from F Glanville, J F Moon, T Roberts, W E Thompson, and Losouci Tanoska (Kolosvar); of No. 2608 from Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), W E Thompson, T G (Ware), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H H (Peterborough), H F W Lane (Stroud), Professor Charles Wagner, J Bailey (Newark), R Arfwedson (Sweden), F C Davidson, and F Glanville.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2610 received from Alpha, T G (Ware), E Loudon, M Burke, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J D Tucker, C D (Camberwell), G Joicy, R Worters (Canterbury), H B Hurford, E E H, L Desanges, W R Raillem, and W P Hind.

NOTE.—Many correspondents send a solution of this problem by 1. Q to Q 3rd, but that line of play is defeated by 1. K to K 3rd; if, in continuation, White play 2. Q to K 4th (ch), then 2. B to K 4th (ch), &c.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2608.—By C. W. (of Sunbury).

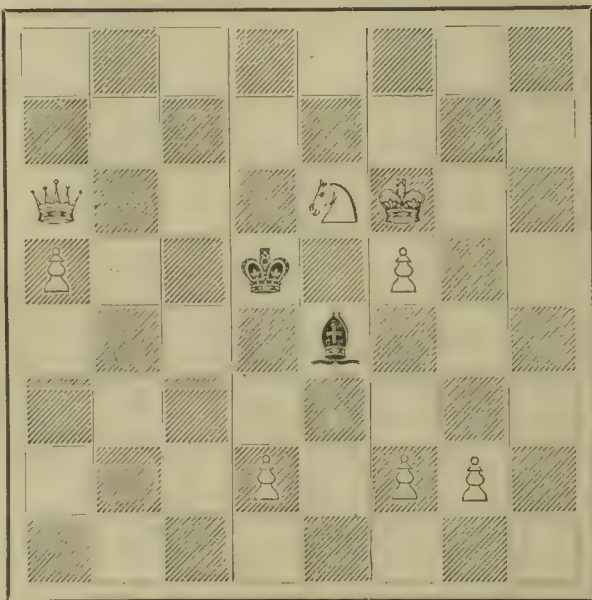
WHITE. 1. Kt to Kt sq 2. R to B 4th 3. Kt mates

BLACK. P takes P Any move

PROBLEM No. 2612.

By A. G. STUBBS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following games were played in the match North v. South. The scores are taken from the Daily News.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (T. A. Guy, Bradford).	BLACK (Dr. Ballard, St. George's Club).	WHITE (T. A. Guy, Bradford).	BLACK (Dr. Ballard, St. George's Club).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black has now his opportunity and makes good use of it.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	Threatening all sorts of things and still throwing the burden of the defence on White's unfortunate Queen. The position now becomes very curious.	
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th	17. Q to K Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B sq
6. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	19. Q to K 2nd	B to R 6th
7. Castles	Castles	20. Q to K 3rd	B takes R
8. Kt to R 4th		21. Kt takes B	Q R to K sq
White has not opened in the strongest form, and this move does not mend matters. It is always hazardous to expose the Knight to the attack of the adverse Bishop supported by its Queen. White not only loses a Pawn but opens up his adversary's game.		22. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th
8. P takes P	P takes P	23. B to Kt 2nd	K to Kt sq
9. P takes Kt	Kt takes P	Black naturally desires to avoid the danger of a masked battery, but this move gives White a chance of safely taking the Bishop at R 4th.	
10. Q takes Kt	P takes B	24. R to K B sq	R to B 2nd
11. Q takes Kt	B takes Kt	25. K to Kt 2nd	Q to B 4th
12. Q to B 4th (ch)		26. P to Q R 4th	R to K 3rd
Both this and the next two moves of White are sheer waste of time. His pieces have not yet come into play, and a formidable attack is impending, to meet which he needs all his resources. B to K 3rd at once is necessary.		27. R to K sq	R to R 3rd
12. Kt to R sq	K to R sq	28. Q takes K P	
13. Q takes P	R to Q Kt sq	There was no necessity for this capture, which proves fatal. White's game has plenty of life in it yet.	
14. Q to R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	29. Q takes B P (ch)	Black wins.
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd		

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (F. Hollins, Birmingham).	BLACK (E. M. Jackson, St. George's Club).	WHITE (F. Hollins, Birmingham).	BLACK (E. M. Jackson, St. George's Club).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R takes P	Kt to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Black's game, which appears to be improved by these moves, is deceptive, and White's twenty-second move yields him a strong game.	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to Q 3rd	R takes R
4. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	23. Q takes R	Q to B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	This exchange was not all necessary. It results in a compromised Queen's side, and the ultimate loss of the game.	
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt takes P	24. Q takes Q	P takes Q
7. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	25. R to K 4th	P to B 4th
8. Q takes P		26. B to B 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
An exact imitation of Steinitz and Lasker. Such is the influence of great examples.		27. R to R 4th	Kt to B sq
9. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	28. K to B 2nd	P to B 3rd
10. Castles	B to K 2nd	29. R to R 6th	B to Kt 3rd
11. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 3rd	30. P to Q R 4th	P to B 5th (ch)
12. P to Q B 3rd	B takes Kt	31. K to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
13. P to B 4th	Q to Q 2nd	32. P to R 5th	B to B 4th
14. B takes B	Q R to K sq	33. P to K Kt 3rd	R to Q Kt sq
15. B to Q 2nd	B to Q sq	34. B to B sq	K to Kt sq
16. Q R to K sq	Kt to K 2nd	35. B to K 4th	K to B 2nd
17. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to R sq	36. B takes B P	Kt takes B
18. R to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	37. R takes Kt	R to Kt 2nd
19. B to Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th	38. P to R 4th	
P to K B 5th could not well be allowed at this point. Previously, the Kt could have gone to K 4th in that case.		And White ultimately won in the ending.	
20. K R to K sq	P takes P		

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Rosa Bonheur has been declared the first female "officier" of the Legion of Honour of her native land. This fact is as interesting to women generally as it must be gratifying to the illustrious woman herself, who has lived down all disapprobation of her singularity in dress and of the independence with which she went her own way in life and art, and has seen the prejudice against her sex give way to her proofs of genius. For Rosa Bonheur worked at first, like all great women of past generations, in the teeth of family and public coldness, and was long denied the reward that would have waited on her achievements had she been male. In her early youth, her father, himself a painter of merit, objected to her receiving an art-education. The greatest painter of animals of her time, Landseer only being her peer, was actually apprenticed at the age of fifteen to a seamstress, to learn to make her living by that time-honoured implement of female torture—the needle. This was done notwithstanding her early shown taste for art. In her childhood, she spent her every spare moment in modelling, and tracing outlines on blank walls, and, when allowed, in using her father's brushes. Yet she was set to earn her bread with her needle, and would have been nothing but a dressmaker for life had she possessed only a talent for art without that strenuous and gigantic will-power that is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the artistic gift, though Rosa Bonheur has shown it so strongly in combination with the artist's genius. For she simply would not be a dressmaker. She pined and she idled till they set her free. Her father then put her in a school to give lessons in return for her living, but this suited Mlle. Rosa no better, and again she was discharged for idleness. In despair her parent allowed her to enter his own studio, as she wished. Then the trammels of the only two occupations considered proper in those days for her sex thrown off—needlework and teaching discarded for good—Rosa Bonheur worked—oh! how she worked!—at the profession of her own choice.

She was born in 1822, and it was still only 1841 when she had her first picture accepted by the Salon. The subject was "Rabbits." Animal life of a larger kind next attracted her strongly, and in order to study it this girl of eighteen put on the clothes of a young man (not because she admired the clothing of the other sex, but because she wanted to avoid jeers and insults while about her business), and frequented stables, shambles, animal fairs and sales, races, and all those dreadful places and worse companies where alone she could see animal life in its nature and reality. Many hours did she sit with her sketching-block in the midst of the roughest of men, her round beardless face and her cropped hair above ordinary male student's dress making her pass for a lad, while she noted the actions and the appearances when in motion of the beasts. It is in this quality of lifelike movement that her peculiar strength lies, as may be studied in "The Horse Fair" in our own National Gallery; the animal in motion has never been portrayed so perfectly as by her pencil. Year by year she steadily worked on, and gained increasing recognition, till in 1853 she was awarded a medal by the Salon jury that in the case of a man would have brought with it the Cross of the Legion of Honour. To Rosa Bonheur the cross was refused then, simply because she was a woman. Now, these sex-insults are bitter to bear! and though Rosa Bonheur, like all great persons, doubtless cares but little for any honour and reward beside the conscious effort after and some approach towards perfection in her achievements, according to her own mind, yet she would not be human if she felt no satisfaction to-day at the reception of the highest and rarest compliment in connection with the very order of which the lowest form was refused her forty years ago, in spite of her deserts and merely because of her sex.

How she was first given the Legion, ten years after she had earned it, is a pretty story enough. In 1865 the beautiful young Empress insisted on accompanying her husband on his visits to the hospitals in which lay the dying from an epidemic of the awful contagious disease, cholera. In admiration of her bravery, the Emperor presented her with the Legion of Honour—for royal ladies may have all sorts of decorations that mere working women may not obtain. Almost immediately after, the Empress paid a visit to the illustrious painter, and on leaving, the great lady embraced the artist. As the Empress left the room, Rosa Bonheur perceived on her bosom the coveted cross—the royal owner's own new decoration—which the Empress had silently pinned in as her arms encircled the artist's form. Then the Empress went home, and told the Emperor that she had given away her decoration to the woman to whom it had been so long due, and the gracious act was not to be ignored—Rosa Bonheur was gazetted under the Empire as the first woman "Chevalier." The Republic is honoured by making her an "officier."

A novel feature of dress, which was really a characteristic of the "foremost files" of fashion last season, is to come in general use this season—I mean the bodice either entirely or almost entirely differently constructed from the skirt. Black soft materials, such as chiffon or striped net, will be used for the bodices with skirts of the finest and lightest materials. Nor is this to be confined to black, for sometimes the skirt is silk or cloth of a quiet tone, and the much-folded and elaborately constructed corsage monopolises the light laces, chiffons and delicate tinted silks. For this style there should not be any direct relationship between materials of the bodice and skirt. The bodice must be round, coming to the waist alone, and a good deal folded and "fussed," or it does not look right. Lace is the best material for the chief component of such a light bodice; or chiffon and silk muslin for a black one. The amount of white lace employed is now very great; a sort of guipure, a rather solid looking coarse-textured machine-made lace that comes from Switzerland—sometimes described as "old rose" or "Venetian" point—being put in great quantities on dresses of light texture. Crépons, in particular, are suited by this new lace as trimming, and its almost coffee-coloured tone suits most shades or shadings of the crinkly surfaced materials that are to be so much in vogue. The patterns are generally vandyke-shaped. It is made also very largely in "motifs" or "objects."



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated March 3, 1894), of the Right Hon. Dudley Coutts, Baron Tweedmouth, who died on March 4 at Bath, were proved on April 10 by Lady Tweedmouth, the widow, Lord Tweedmouth, the son, George James Marjoribanks, the nephew, and Robert Lowin Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £714,000. The testator, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement, leaves an immediate legacy of £3000 to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his children as she shall appoint; his furnished house at Kerrow and the fishing on the north side of the river to her, for life; his furnished house, 134, Piccadilly, to her for life, but his eldest son Edward, if he desires to occupy it, may do so on paying to her £1000 per annum; he further leaves to his wife £4000 per annum, and such of his plate, pictures, furniture, horses and carriages as she may select. He bequeaths 600 shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, 200 ordinary shares of £100 each, 500 £5-per-Cent Preference Shares of £10 each, and £5000 Debenture Stock in Meux's Brewery Company, Limited, to his son Coutts; 200 ordinary shares of £100 each, 500 preference shares of £10 each, and £5000 Debenture Stock in Meux's Brewery Company, and all his shares and one moiety of his debenture stock in the Rocking Horse Ranch Company, Limited, upon trust, for his son Archibald John; 50 ordinary shares of £100 each in Meux's Brewery Company to his grandson Dudley Churchill; and considerable legacies to daughters, sons-in-law, daughter-in-law, and other members of his family, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son, Edward, now Lord Tweedmouth.

The will (dated March 29, 1893), with two codicils (dated July 12, 1893, and Feb. 26, 1894), of Mr. Frederick Gonnerman Dalgety, D.L., J.P., F.R.G.S., of Lockerley Hall, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 20, was proved on April 11 by Frederick John Dalgety, the son, Viscount Trafalgar, Algernon Fawkes, and Edmund Theodore Doxat, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £483,000. The testator gives £30,000, all his consumable stores, horses, carriages,

live and dead stock, garden and farming implements and effects, his town residence, 16, Hyde Park Terrace, with the furniture and effects and the stables, to his eldest son, Frederick John; 6000 shares in Dalgety and Co., Limited, each to his four younger sons, but should such shares at his death not be of the value of £30,000, he gives such sum as will make up that amount each to his said sons; and £25,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Edith Mary, Gladys Violet, and Dorothy Maud; his daughters the Viscountess Trafalgar and Isabella Constance Selwyn having been sufficiently provided for by him on their respective marriages, he makes no further provision for them. Certain diamonds and jewellery, and all the furniture, pictures, plate, books, sculpture, and effects at Lockerley Hall are made heirlooms, to go therewith. He bequeaths £1000 to such hospitals or charitable institutions as his executors shall select; £500 each to his executors; an annuity of £150 to his half-brother, Alexander William Dalgety; an annuity of £30 to his nurse, Martha Davies; and legacies to his steward and indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the proceeds of the sale of his property in any of the colonies of Australia and New Zealand, he settles upon his son, Frederick John, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 7, 1892) of Miss Agnes Barr, of Carplin, in the county of Fife, who died at Glasgow on Dec. 15, granted to Robert Bryson Mitchell, James David Hedderwick, David Cook, and David Cook, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £85,000.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 5, 1885), of Mr. Thomas Cadman Bland, formerly of 10, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, and late of 38, St. John's Wood Park, Hampstead, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on April 3 by Mrs. Hannah Bland, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to the North Wales Counties Asylum at Denbigh; £100 to the Milliners'

and Dressmakers' Benevolent Institution; and there are some legacies to his own and his wife's relatives and others. The residue of his property, real and personal, he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1894) of Mr. Frederick George Tautz, of 485, Oxford Street, brooches-maker and tailor, and of Dibden House, Hanger Hill, Ealing, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on April 9 by Robert Jarred, Mrs. Clara Tautz, the widow, and Arthur Edward Tautz, and Frederick James Tautz, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all the household furniture and effects, horses and carriages at his residence, to his wife; Dibden House and Twyford Cottages to his wife for life; £500 per annum to his wife for life or widowhood, and £100 per annum is to be paid to her for each child, except his said two sons, under twenty-five; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Jarred. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children.

The will (dated March 13, 1894) of the Hon. and Very Rev. George Herbert, Dean of Hereford, who died on March 15, was proved on April 11 by Major-General the Hon. William Henry Herbert, the brother, and Anthony Henry Wingfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,211, and not as reported in some of the daily papers. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £70 to Ann May, the faithful servant of his late wife; and £200 each to his executors. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his daughters, Mary Ann Herbert and Winifred Lucy Elizabeth Herbert.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1886), with four codicils (dated July 26, 1888; May 31, 1889; March 5, 1891; and Oct. 24, 1892), of Mr. Robert Curling, J.P., of 55, Princes Square, and Gosmore, Herts, who died on March 4, was proved on April 3 by Robert Sumner Curling and William English Harrison, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths a picture by Van Meeres, formerly in the Carew collection, to the Museum of Science and Art, at South Kensington; £500 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Hitchin, Herts, upon trust, for the benefit of St. Andrew's School, the income only to be expended for the encouragement of the children annually at Christmas time in gifts

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Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. William Henry Worge De Capell Brooke, of Brighton, Sussex, who died on March 2, a bachelor, without parent and intestate, were granted on April 2 to Arthur Watson De Capell Brooke, the brother, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1894) of Mr. Richard Chillingworth, of Queenlains Farm, Sevenhampton, Wilts, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on April 2 by Andrew Chillingworth, the brother, and John Coster Chillingworth and Andrew Frederick Chillingworth, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his nephew Andrew Frederick Chillingworth, and several other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brothers and sister, Andrew Chillingworth, John Coster Chillingworth, and Elizabeth Chillingworth, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1889), with two codicils (dated Jan. 23, 1893, and Feb. 8, 1894), of Mr. Francis White-Popham, D.L., J.P., of Shanklin Manor, Isle of Wight, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on April 5 by Mrs. Margaret Emma White-Popham, the widow, and Henry Butler Batten, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator gives £200 each to his sisters Grace White, Katherine White, and Mary Popham Macpherson; and his messuage East Cliff to his sisters Grace White and Katherine White, and on the death of the survivor of them, to his sister Mary Popham Macpherson, for life, and then to go with his settled estate. The manor or lordship of Shanklin and all his messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the

parish of Shanklin comprised in his marriage settlement, subject to the jointure of £1500 per annum, payable to his wife thereunder, he appoints to his wife, for life, and then to his said three sisters, and on the death of the survivor of them he settles the same on his nephew Duncan Macpherson, and in default of children with remainder to the said Henry Butler Batten. The furniture, jewellery, plate, pictures and china he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to go as heirlooms with the said settled estates. All other his real estate, being freehold of inheritance, he devises to his said three sisters, and on the death of the survivor to the said Duncan Macpherson, for life, with remainder first to his sons and then to his daughters, with an ultimate remainder to the said Henry Butler Batten. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

ART NOTES.

"Life on the Dogger Bank," as illustrated by Mr. Thomas M. Hemy, seems more exciting and possibly exhilarating than attractive to ordinary fair-weather sailors. Travellers bound for Norway generally give a wide berth to this dangerous fishing-ground; but in the distance they can see even in comparatively fair weather the waves breaking over this huge bank of sand, which, riding in mid-German Ocean, is the rendezvous of the fishermen of many countries besides our own. Life is hard on the Dogger Bank, and during certain seasons the work is continuous. The trawlers cannot afford to leave the Bank, so steamers come out at stated intervals to carry back the catches to Grimsby, Ostend, or Dunkirk, and the fishermen remain to fill up their wells until the next steamer arrives. Without the Dogger Bank the weekly supply of fish for England would fall very low and prices become exorbitant; but in order to profit by the riches of this harvest of the sea men must work in all weathers and at all hours. Of recent years the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen has done much to alleviate the hard lot of a worthy class, and the proceeds of the present exhibition, which is being held at the St. James's Gallery (King Street, St. James's) will be

handed over to that society. The pictures will teach much to those who know nothing about our sea fisheries, and interest those who are already acquainted with this truly national industry. Mr. Hemy spent some time among the fishing fleet, and has brought back a number of graphic studies made on the spot.

The favourable impression produced by the first part of Mr. J. Alfred Gotch's "Architecture of the Renaissance in England" is more than confirmed now that the work is complete. In two handsome volumes (Batsford, High Holborn) Mr. Gotch has brought together all the most important buildings erected for domestic or ecclesiastical purposes between the years 1560 and 1635. Hitherto the student and the amateur have had to rely on the often inaccurate though attractive pictures by Nash or Richardson, or upon the still more imaginative work of more distinguished artists. Mr. Gotch and his fellow-worker, Mr. Talbot Brown, show that the resources of modern science are eminently adapted to reproducing for our use and enjoyment the specimens of the art-work which the old Elizabethan architects seem to have turned out by inspiration. The descriptive letterpress which accompanies this unsurpassed series of collotypes throws some light upon the influences which were at work; but the writers do not altogether explain the almost simultaneous erection of magnificent buildings in every county from Cornwall to Northumberland, each showing special features, and all testifying to a combined love of comfort and magnificence. Burghley House, Audley End, Hardwick, and Bolsover have little in common except their beautiful proportions and stately grandeur. Montacute, Apethorpe, the Hall-o'-the-Wood, and St. John's, Warwick, are as different in general design as in their minute details. Yet these and a hundred more of the stately homes of England all belong to the same period, and seem to mark the sudden development of a national architecture, unhappily but too transient. It is, therefore, with gratitude that we welcome such a tribute to the great "unknown" of the Elizabethan age as that presented in Mr. Gotch's valuable and admirable volumes.

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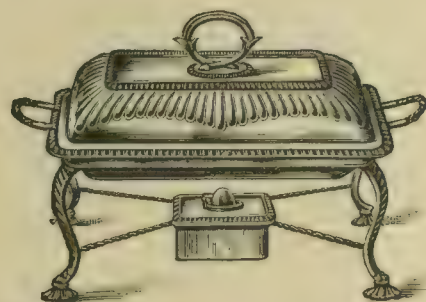
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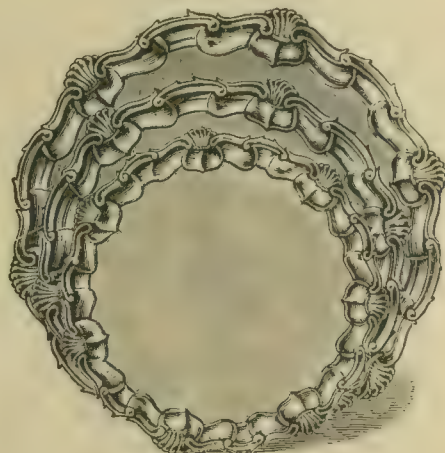


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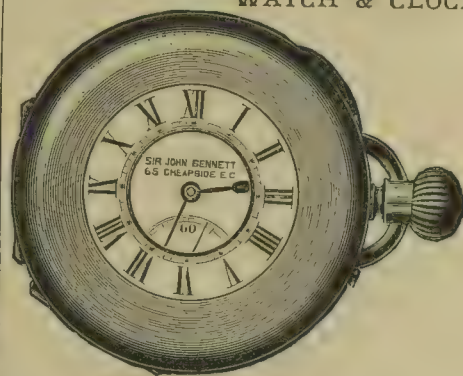
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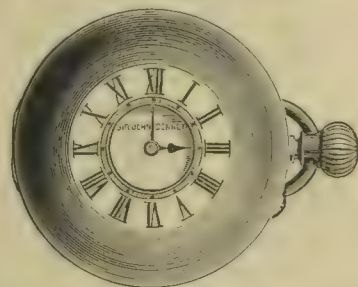


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The larger part of the valuable theological library of the late Dean Butler has been presented by his family to the Chapter Library and the Diocesan Theological Lending Library, recently instituted in the old Common Chamber of the Chapter. The beautiful carved bookcases presented to the late Dean by his former curates, and bearing on brass tablets names as well known as Liddon, Mackonochie, Newbolt, and others, have been given by the family to the Chapter, and will be erected in the Outer Library, which it was Dean Butler's latest wish to fit up as a room for quiet study.

A brass tablet has been placed in one of the vacant niches in the south choir aisle of Lichfield Cathedral to the memory of the late Dean Bickersteth. Dean Bickersteth resigned his office on Sept. 29 and died on Oct 7, 1892, in his seventy-eighth year. The tablet has been erected by his widow.

The Duke of Westminster has laid the foundation-stone of a new church near Wroxham. In his speech the Duke said that there were evidences all over North Wales

of the revival in the Church of England, and that there were many cases where the congregations were daily increasing.

A meeting has been held in Manchester to protest against the preaching of "heretical doctrine" in the cathedral. Strong speeches were made against the Dean. It is stated that the meeting was attended by thirty-five persons, all told.

Canon Leigh, the new Dean of Hereford, has bidden farewell to his London parish. He will receive a warm welcome to Hereford, where he is not altogether unknown. He has been there at more than one Festival of the Three Choirs, and he is acquainted with the Bishop and many of the county folk, and is a relative of the late Lord Saye and Sele.

There is still much discussion over the action of the Archbishop of Dublin in consecrating bishops for the Spanish and Portuguese Reform Congregations. All the bishops but two see no objection to the proposed consecration. It is complained by those who are against the Archbishop that the Spanish Prayer-book is unsatisfactory, and that the movement in Spain is not stable, and that the consecration of bishops would only add to the divisions of

Christians. It appears that the Church has not yet presented for consecration a single native priest.

Mr. F. Chenevix Trench has published a paper entitled "A New Educational Policy for the Church." He suggests that the Church in England should bring about the establishment of the Irish system. This is, to make a clear and complete separation between religious teaching, on the one hand, and literary and moral teaching on the other. Thus, in every school the literary and moral teaching is given alike to all the children in attendance; religious teaching is given to the children in groups, and the membership in these groups is determined by the creed which the parent (father preferably) of the child professes. A strong effort is made to get the religious instruction taken in all schools at an hour either before or after the giving of the secular teaching. It may be doubted if the difficulties in the way of the adoption of this scheme are not insuperable.

The spring meetings of the Nonconformist Churches will now soon be held. The Presbyterians in England report an increase in membership of about six hundred, and the Primitive Methodists a similar number.

SIR ANDREW CLARK MEMORIAL.

A PUBLIC MEETING at the PRINCES' HALL, Piccadilly, W., on THURSDAY, May 3 next, at 4 p.m. It having been decided to establish a MEMORIAL to the late SIR ANDREW CLARK, Bart., a PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the PRINCES' HALL, Piccadilly, W., with a view to laying before the many friends and patients of this late distinguished physician the objects aimed at.

It is hoped that the establishment of the proposed memorial will not only tend to preserve his name in high honour, but will have far-reaching results in the relief of suffering and the advancement of medical science. At this meeting H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., will preside; and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and many other distinguished friends of the late Sir Andrew Clark will speak. All particulars in regard to this Fund will be most gladly supplied by the Hon. Sec., Mr. G. Q. Roberts, at the London Hospital, E., with whom all wishing to be present at the meeting are requested to communicate as soon as possible.

Special seats will be reserved for all Contributors of £1 and upwards.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the ANDREW CLARK MEMORIAL FUND will be most thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Buxton, at the Brewery, Spitalfields, E.; by the Hon. Sec., or by the Bankers, Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., and Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co.

M O N T E C A R L O.

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monte Carlo and Monaco. With the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gonsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judith achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montlazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Andran; and "Ray Blas," with Monnet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The further programme announced, from March 10 to April 1, two representations every week to the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps, Jehan, Sadea and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcelle Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Edouard de Laca, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigolotto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Sieck.

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The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 10, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramand.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, M. de Lamoignon, Dutilleul, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramand, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, tennis, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sun-bath and pleasure in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight, breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance; they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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to the MEDITERRANEAN and ADRIATIC SEAS.—THE ORIENT COMPANY'S Steam-ship GARRONE, 3850 tons register, 4000-horse power, will leave London on April 24 for a six weeks' cruise, visiting LONDON, MALAGA, MESSINA, ANCONA, VENICE, TRIESTE, CATTARO, CORFU, ZANTE, MALTA, GIBRALTAR, PHILIPPEVILLE (for COAST GUARD), and GENOEA.

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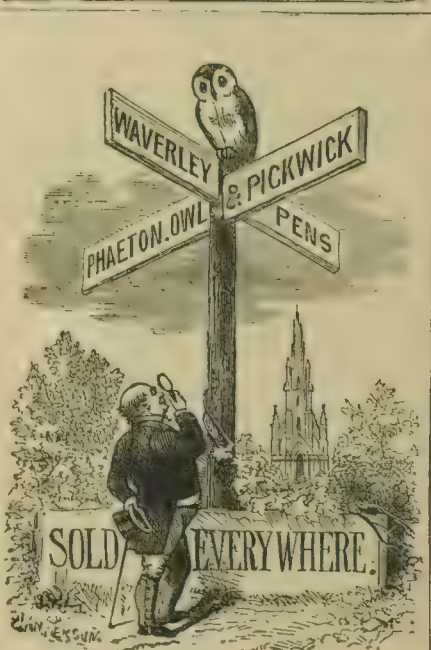
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Madras Government has ordered special inquiry as to the recent outbreak of Moplah Mussulmans in the Malabar district. It was due to ill-feeling against the headman of a Hindu village on account of an agrarian dispute. The fanatics murdered seven Hindus before they were stopped by a detachment of the Dorset Regiment and a force of police. Thirty-three were shot dead as they charged the soldiers from a temple.

China has been called upon by France to make compensation for outrages perpetrated in a popular outbreak at Hsianfu, in the province of Shen-se, where the French mission was burnt and the priests ill-treated and imprisoned.

The Greek Government, having received authentic information from London that the Piræus-Larissa Railway Company has filed a petition in bankruptcy, has declared

the company in default, and taken possession of its offices and of the plant on all parts of the line, which are pronounced to be forfeited, together with the deposit of £80,000 caution-money and the works hitherto constructed.

An extra ballad concert attracted a very large audience to Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on March 14, and its success proved the wisdom of giving this addition to a series which is always popular. The programme was prolonged by half-a-dozen encores, and even then the audience seemed, like Lord Clive, surprised at their moderation. Miss Clara Butt sang with excellent expression and pronunciation Saint-Saëns' air, "Mon cœur ouvre à ta voix." Madame Gomez was specially pleasing in Hatton's famous "Enchantress," and in the dreamy "Spinning Song," which never seems to lose its charm. Miss Evangeline Florence gave Henschel's "Spring"; and Miss Liza Lehmann proved once again her industry in discovering forgotten

ballads and her genius in setting them to music. Miss Cécile Elieson played two violin solos very pleasantly, and the Meister Glee Singers interspersed the solos with their clever concerted singing. Mr. Edward Lloyd, almost recovered from his temporary indisposition, sang "Lend me your aid," with the accustomed thrilling effect, and substituted "My Queen" for the item announced on the programme. Mr. Norman Salmond and Mr. Jack Robertson both added to the success of the concert. Surely Mr. Maybrick can introduce newer songs than "The Owl," which has been in vogue almost long enough to earn a retiring pension.

In the territory of Western Germany called the Palatinate, chiefly in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a rather severe shock of earthquake, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, was felt shortly after nine o'clock on Sunday evening, April 8. The inhabitants fled from their houses; but little damage seems to have been done.

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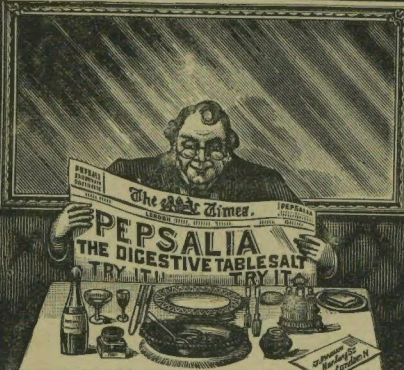
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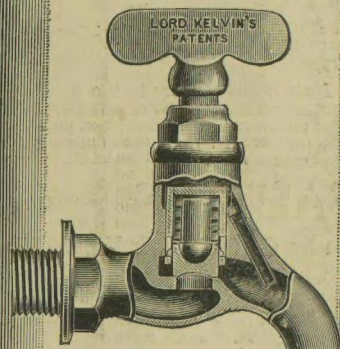
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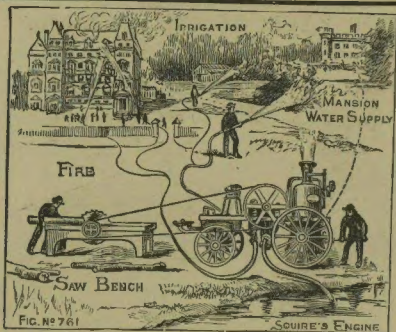
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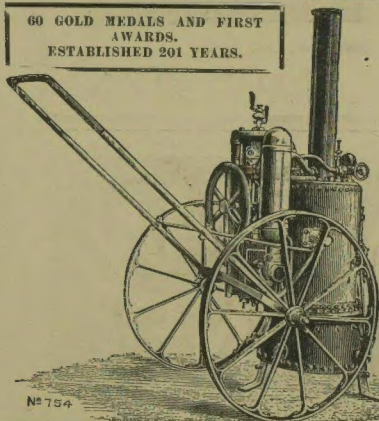
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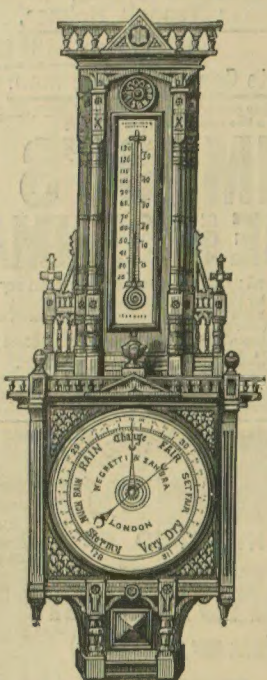
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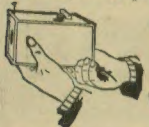


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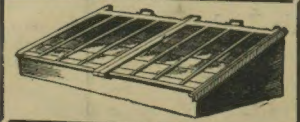
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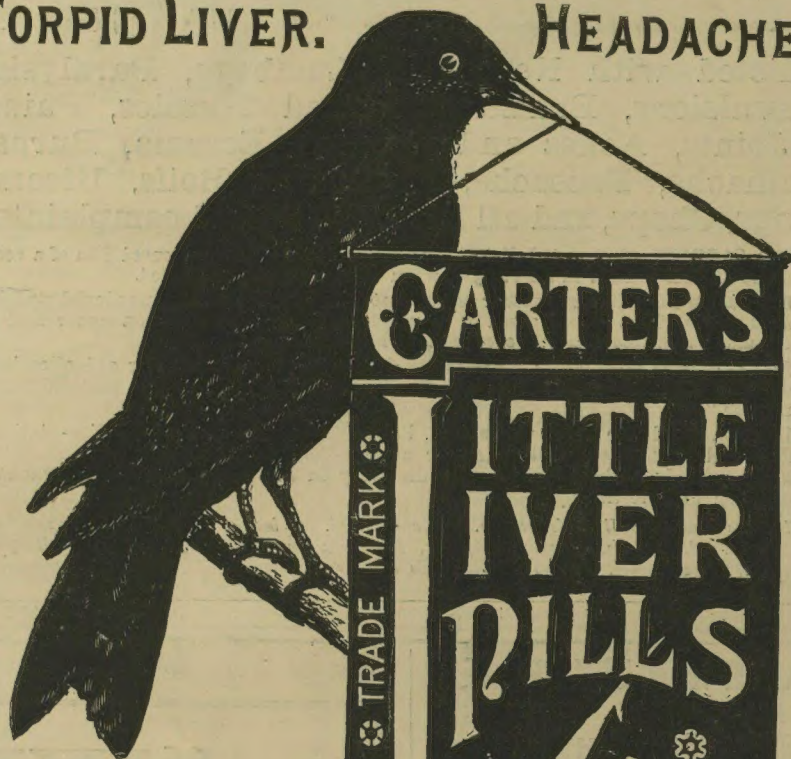
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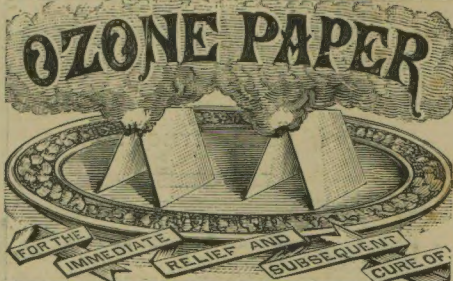
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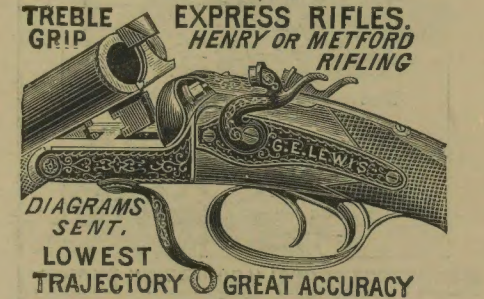
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